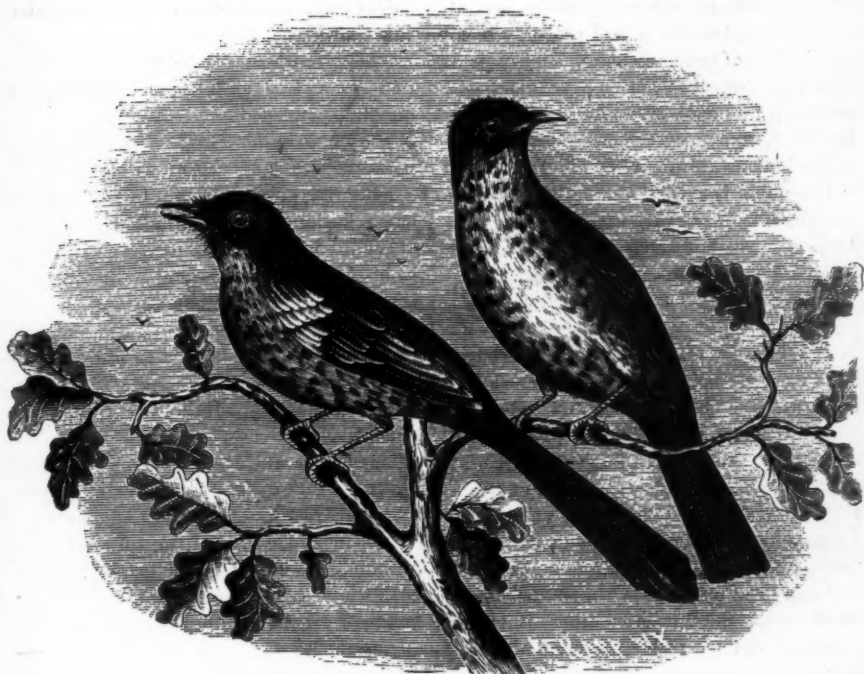


NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1877.

BIRDS OF THE SPRING-TIME.



MOTTLED THRUSH (BROWN THRASHER). WOOD THRUSH.

THERE is poetry about bird life, which, though like all other poetry it is quite indescribable, is probably more nearly universally recognized and appreciated than almost any other kind. Its association with the changes of the season, with the landscape, the forests, and the mountains, to all of which it adds a heightened charm, brings the image of our feathered companions into the mind's pictures of our richest enjoyments of nature. There is, indeed, something of weirdness,—though only in its

gentlest and most pleasing forms,—about these denizens of the air, who come to us with the returning sun, and for a season remain with us, and “without barn or storehouse,” find abundant supplies provided for them; and then almost before we feel the approach of the coming Winter, they are gone without even having spoken their farewells. They seem, too, to possess the faculty to awaken sentiments at once pleasant and refining among the least cultured. Our native red men knew their birds of passage,

and not only used them as notes in their natural calendar, as they did all of the varied changes of the seasons, but they regarded the birds in their annual returns from regions quite beyond their faintest geographical knowledge as messengers of peace and harbingers of better days. To the dwellers in the country, far removed from the artificial life of cities, among whom the love of nature often ripens into a passion, gentle indeed, but not therefore either faint or uninformed, the birds of their groves and fields and orchards become companions, and almost spiritual teachers; and probably in all the realms of taste, no other subject is at once more instructive or more refining. We need make no apology, therefore, for devoting the opening pages of this May number of the *NATIONAL* to our "Birds of Passage."

The Robin is beyond all question the most considerable of our orchard and lawn birds. He is comparatively large, remarkably lively in all his movements, and of a fine plump appearance, with handsome though not especially gay plumage. As compared with his English namesake, he is much the superior in every particular, being fully twice as large, more highly colored, and markedly more distinguished in the characteristic redness of the breast. He is justly reckoned a bird of passage, and yet some few remain all Winter, sheltered in the pine and cedar groves or other thickets, though most of the family remove southward, and they are found in great numbers in our southernmost States during the Winter months. But they evidently feel most at home further north, and in early Spring,—often too early, for they not unfrequently fall victims to the severity of the early Spring storms,—they may be found in increasing numbers gradually removing northward across Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and along the Hudson and to and beyond the great lakes, on both sides of which they make their Summer residences.

These birds seem to delight to dwell near to human habitations, drawn thither no doubt by the larger supply of their favorite foods in such places. There would also seem to be in their nature a kind of affinity for

human companionship, which has been fairly responded to on our part, for the Robin is an almost universal favorite; and because they are so protected they often become remarkably tame. They feed upon the fruits in their season, and upon insects and worms, the earth-worm being their choice before all other kinds of food. At early dawn, or after a shower of rain, when the worms come out into the air, they are usually especially active, and generally successful in their foragings.

Our picture, with its serio-comic attitudes, illustrates what may often be seen on the feeding grounds of these birds,—in which exploits of no little skill in practical dynamics are often displayed.

The Robin builds a nest,—which is placed upon the heavy branch of an apple-tree, or a fence-rail, or the timbers of some dilapidated building,—first a kind of frame-work of small sticks is formed, next a cup or open hemisphere of mason work, and within this is placed a lining of fine grass. It lays four or five eggs of a peculiarly clear and soft blue color, upon which the two birds sit alternately for nine or ten days before hatching; and then, until the young ones are large enough to provide for themselves, the parent birds are all hurry and labor in caring for their callow families. The same pair sometimes rear two families in one season.

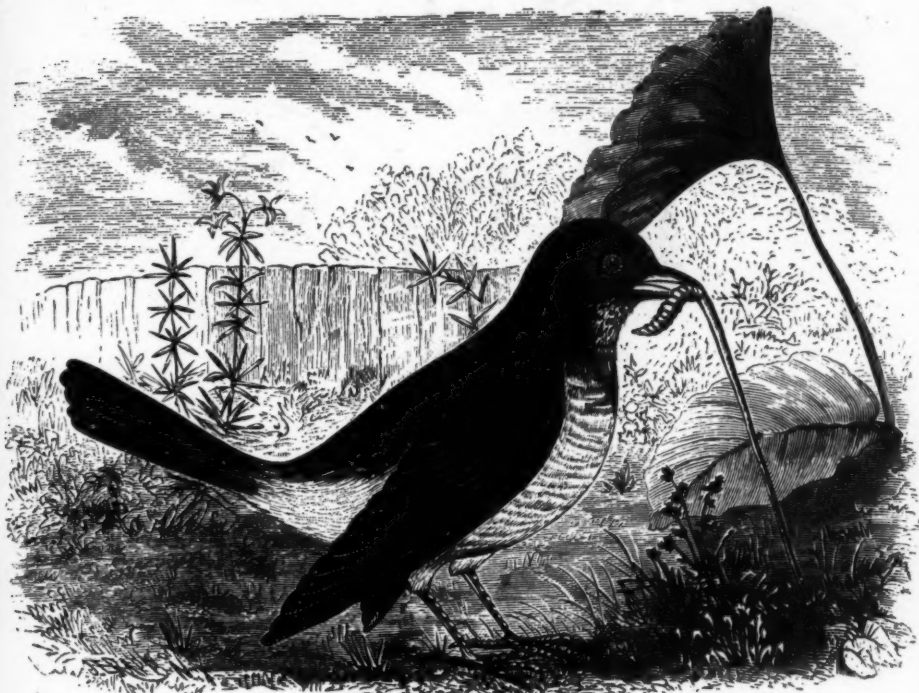
Like most members of the thrush family, the Robin is something of a songster, though not the equal of other species of the same genus; and yet his song in the early mornings during the nesting season is both sweet and strong and considerably varied. As the season advances, and the young ones become grown, the birds may be seen in scattered flocks about the lawns and orchards and pastures, feeding upon the ripe fruits, the abundant insects, and evidently enjoying the beautiful season of early Autumn, and making but little haste in their flight to warmer regions.

The Robin is too small to be classed among game birds, and yet, on account of its size, it often tempts the amateur sportsman,—in the failure of larger game,—to aim his fowling-piece at this privileged denizen of the

lawn; and though they enjoy the benefit of public opinion in their favor, yet thousands of them are annually slaughtered.

The Thrushes constitute a numerous and well-defined family, and they are especially notable for the excellence of their song. After the Robin, which is the first in size and also in numbers, and the Mocking-bird, beautiful in plumage and unapproachable in song (though neither of these is popularly known

cherry and apple blossoms. Unlike the Mocking-bird, he uses his own notes almost exclusively. The nests of these birds are usually built in close-set thickets, and near to the ground, made with a frame of small sticks, and lined with fine roots. The eggs are commonly five in number, mottled with ferruginous blotches on a pale bluish ground. A second family is not unfrequently reared in the same season. The food of these birds



AMERICAN ROBIN.

as Thrushes), the next place may properly be given to the two species, whose portraits are given at the head of this paper, the Rufus Thrush or Brown Thrasher and the Wood Thrush.

The former of these (sometimes known as the "French Mocking-bird") is, perhaps, the largest and best known of the birds usually recognized as Thrushes. He arrives from his Winter retreats about the first of May, and soon the melody of his voice is heard, especially at early dawn, mingling with the beauty and the fragrance of the

consists of worms and insects, for which they scratch among the dry leaves with not a little energy. Later in the season they also feed upon the smaller fruits. They are never seen in flocks, nor do they ordinarily make extended flight, but are seen darting near the ground, along the fences, or from one thicket to another, and seldom alighting high up in the trees,—except that in the nesting season the male often makes the tree-tops his orchestra, from which to pour forth his lengthened and varied melodies. Its range is over the whole of North America,



BLUE JAY.

from Florida to Canada. Its Winters are spent in the far South, but in Summer they are found chiefly to the northward of Maryland and the Ohio River.

This bird measures very nearly a foot from the point of its long and crooked beak to the extremity of its broad and fan-like tail,—and its wings measure, from tip to tip, nearly two inches more. Its upper parts are of a bright reddish slate color, with two bars of white across the wings relieved with black; the lower parts are of a pale yellowish white, with the breast heavily mottled with black. Early in the Autumn they begin their migration southward, to pass the Winter in Georgia and Florida, and farther westward, in Louisiana and Texas, and even Mexico. They are entirely songless during their southern sojourn, and still more shy than while in their Summer quarters.

The Blue Jay, though perhaps not especially a favorite among our bird families, is nevertheless well known and frequently noticed; for he is always gayly dressed, active,

and garrulous. He is only semi-migratory, for some individuals of the family may be met with in the thickets during the whole Winter. And yet it is well known that they move southward as the Winter approaches, and those found with us during that season have probably come from much farther northward. In the far south very few of them are found in Summer, while in Winter they are abundant.

The Jay measures eleven inches in length, with a corresponding spread of the wings. Its dress is highly party-colored, a blue coat, white chin and breast, with a black neck-tie, and a black tail. His head is crowned with a tuft of light blue and purple feathers, which can be raised or depressed at will. Altogether he presents an unusually gay appearance, which, with his restless activity and his unceasing and discordant cries, makes him a marked character among the birds of the forest. But when using the blandishments of love his notes become soft and pleasing, and somewhat varied. He builds



WRENS.

a large nest, often high up in the trees, in which may be seen five eggs of a dull olive color, spotted with a darker brown. He feeds upon insects, worms, and beetles; and as the season advances he does not hesitate to invade the orchards, but especially delights in chestnuts and acorns. And, in his pursuit of food, should he fall upon the nest of some smaller bird, the eggs or even the well grown young would not be absolutely beyond danger; but these marauding excursions sometimes bring him into conflicts with other birds in which he does not always come off unscathed.

This bird seems to bear a marked ill-will to the owl family, and whenever one of these day-dreamers is met with by the Jay, in his foraging excursions, the cry is at once raised, and all the Jays within hearing are soon on hand, and with the mingled screams of battle making attacks upon the hapless solitaire. So fierce do the onsets become, and so terrible the outcries, that the owl at length betakes himself to flight, when he is pursued by the

screaming crowd till he has passed quite beyond the neighborhood.

Of all the birds sent to cheer the heart of man and lighten his labors, probably the House Wren, equally with any other, is capable of fulfilling its mission. And, as with most true friends, his favor is not hard to be won. It is only necessary to nail up an empty oyster keg upon the arbor or other convenient place, or a neatly or roughly made little box with a diminutive hole on one side for his entrance, when lo! some bright morning in early May he is found in full possession, chattering, darting in and out, and busy building his nest. Or if no such provisions are made for him, a hole in the old apple-tree, or even a crevice in the wall will serve his purpose, while nothing suits him better than the skull of a beef laid upon the fence, whose brain-chamber seems to suit him exactly. The House Wren is found in all parts of the country, and is universally migratory. It passes southward beyond Pennsylvania in September, and con-

tinues its flight all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, and perhaps still farther southward.

The Baltimore Oriole—sometimes called the Hanging-bird, from the manner of building its nest, and also the Golden Robin, and the Fire-bird, from the brightness of its plumage—is unquestionably the most gayly colored of all our North American songsters.

vermilion on the breast, with a large display of pure white among the wing feathers and at the extremities of the tail feathers, presenting altogether a rare display of the richest coloring. The females are somewhat similarly marked, but much less highly colored.

The nest of this bird is a curiosity of its



BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

CAT-BIRD.

It is strictly a bird of passage, and in its return northward it usually reaches the central portions of Pennsylvania soon after the first of May, and during the first half of that month they become scattered over the more northern portions of the United States and the southern parts of Canada. A full-sized male bird measures about seven inches from the point of the bill to the extremity of the tail, with a corresponding stretch of the wings. Its beak is straight and tapering to a point, and black; the head, throat, and back are black; the rump and the whole lower parts a bright orange, deepening into

kind. It is usually placed at the forks of an out-reaching branch at a considerable height, where a kind of sack is first of all constructed from threads of hemp or flax, or any suitable material, and hanging eight or ten inches downward, within which the nest is formed of fine roots and soft shreds of bark, and of horse hair, all closely woven together in the neatest and most elaborate manner. The entrance is at one side, near the top of the sack, and it is itself in many cases nearly hidden in a canopy of leaves. The eggs are usually five in number, white, slightly reddish, and marked at the greater

end with purple specks. They feed chiefly upon caterpillars and insects, of which they destroy immense numbers.

The Baltimore Oriole is among our finest song birds, having a clear and mellow whistling kind of note, which it repeats frequently and with some variations, while foraging among the branches, or resting upon some topmost bough after feeding to repletion. The song is wild and plaintive, less rapid but not less pleasing than that of some members of the thrush family. This bird is found in nearly all parts of North America, from Canada to Mexico, and also in South America, where it finds rivals enough in the gayety of their clothing. In the far North it begins its flight southward towards the latter days of August, and it leaves the middle regions of the United States early in September, and makes rather lengthened Winter flights to the South.

The Cat-bird is a familiar acquaintance of every one who has knowledge of the country and its denizens, for it is found every-where; and though nearly always singly or in pairs, yet they are among the most numerous species of our feathered associates. And though it seems to be the victim of a most unreasonable, and yet most implacable prejudice, still, both as a songster and a destroyer of hurtful insects, it deserves a higher degree of favor. It reaches our middle regions early in May, and is pretty soon fairly occupied with nest-building and caring for its young. It frequents the densest thickets, and yet seems to delight in being near to human habitations, choosing the currant-bushes, the hedges, and the brambles for placing their nests, which are framed of small twigs, and lined with fine roots. The eggs, four or five in number, are of a pure deep green, and unlike most other birds, it will return to its nest though often disturbed by unwelcome visitors.

The Cat-bird measures about nine inches in length, with a rather wide stretch of the wings. Its color is a very dark blue, or slate color on the upper parts, and a dark drab beneath. The wing and tail feathers are almost black. Its common cry when disturbed in its solitude resembles the mew-

ing of a young kitten; but like most other members of the thrush family, it has very considerable power of song, which may be heard at early morning on almost any day during the nesting season. But as the Summer wears away, and the young birds attain their full size, the Cat-birds disappear. Nobody saw them departing, but they are gone.

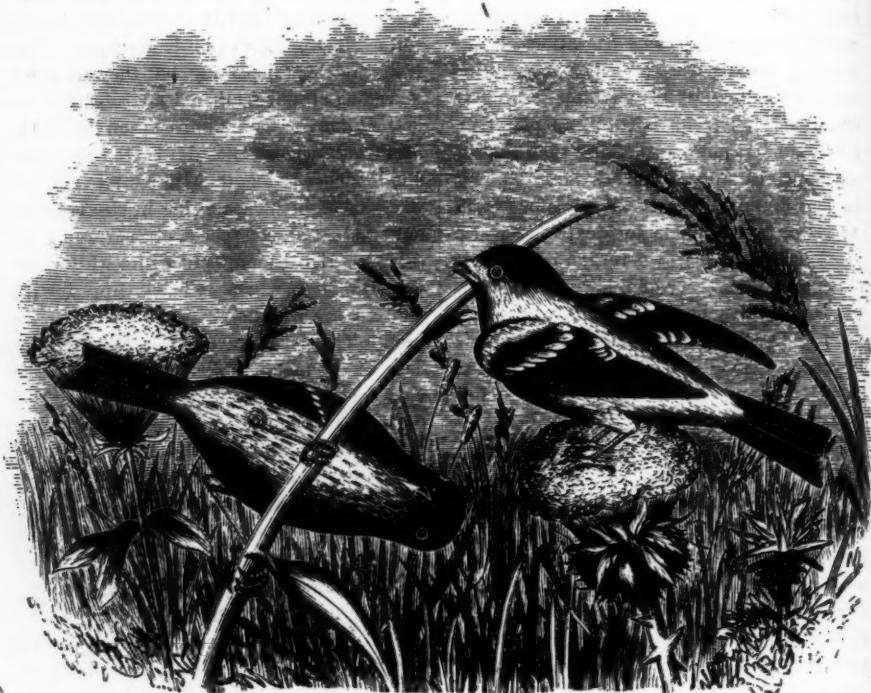
Among all our feathered favorites few are better known or more admired than the American Goldfinch or yellow-bird. It is four and a half inches in length, with a stretch of the wings of eight inches, being in size between our two best known species of Sparrows. Its color is a rich lemon, fading into whitish toward the tail, which is black, tipped with white, as are also the wings and the top of the head. This is, however, only the Summer dress of the males, while the females, all the year round, and the males during the Autumn and Winter, wear a modest olive brown tint. Though entirely migratory, and going as far south as Mexico to spend their Winters, yet they are among the last to leave in the Fall, and also among the first to appear in the Spring. Early in March they make their appearance along the Hudson, coming in considerable flocks, and remaining in companies, till in April, when the nesting season begins. They build their nests in the trees of the orchards, lawn, and hedges, which they seem to prefer to the forests, in which are laid five eggs of a dullish white color, and speckled at the larger end.

The song of the Goldfinch, though rather faint and lisping, has considerable compass and is not unpleasant. This bird is evidently pretty nearly akin to the canary-bird in its natural habits, and it submits readily to the same kind of treatment. In confinement its song seems to improve in both depth and compass. Its flight is peculiar, being a succession of curves, a vaulting, by a stroke of the wings, by which a long arc or parabola is described, and at each ascent a peculiar chirp or twitter is uttered. They feed chiefly upon the smaller seeds, delighting especially in that of the thistle, the lettuce, the flax, and the rape.

The family of Warblers (*syllvia*) is a rather extensive one, and the different species are

so faintly distinguished from each other, that only close observers can always discriminate among them. The Golden Warbler appears returning northward early in May, when it

black about the eyes and throat; the bill also is black. Altogether it is a bird of rare beauty, but, like many another beauty, a little shy.



WARBLER.

GOLDFINCH.

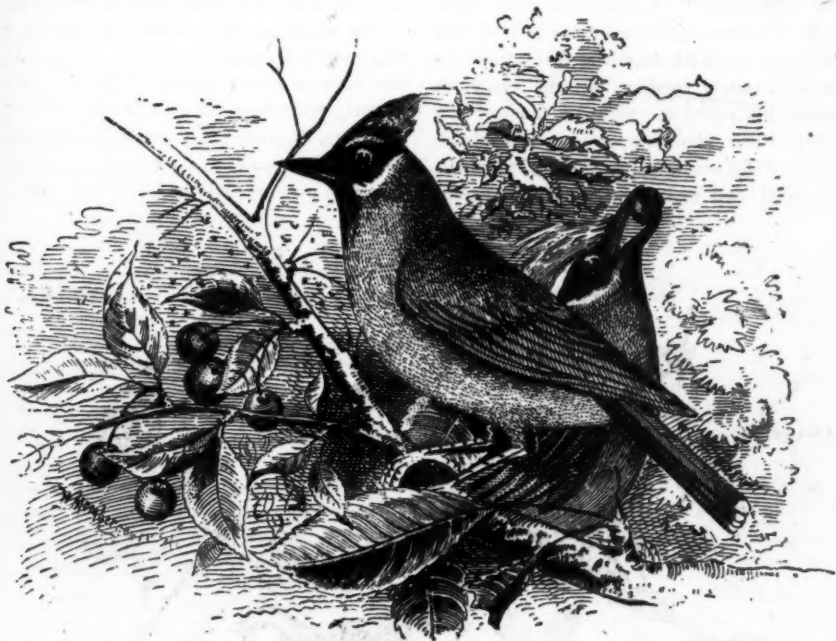
may be seen darting timidly among the young leaves and flowers, singly, or in pairs. It is a sprightly bird, and has a remarkable variety of tones in its notes, chirping, squealing, and whistling. They live almost entirely among the branches of the trees—in both the forests and the orchards—and seem to be always in motion, searching for the small insects and larvæ upon which they feed, and in the destruction of which they doubtless render valuable, though often unappreciated, service to the farmers and gardeners.

This species is about five inches in length, and seven in breadth of wings. Its crown is golden-red, as are also the first and second wing coverts; the tail shows two or three white feathers in flying, while the body of the bird is an ashy gray, with a marking of

The Cedar-bird, though less a domestic favorite than some others of our feathered companions, because of their frequenting mountains and waste places rather than cultivated fields, are still among the most showy of our feathered Summer visitants, while their fine appearance and lively movements render them especially and pleasantly noticeable. They arrive in the locality of the Lower Hudson, about the middle of April, usually in small flocks; and they announce their coming, not with any noisy demonstrations, but in softly lisping chirps, as they flit rapidly and gracefully among the cedar trees, feeding upon the dried fruits that may have survived the Winter, and also upon the larvæ of insects. The livery of this bird has been noticed as both curious and beautiful, being of a rich cinnamon brown above,

handsomely blending into pale-yellow beneath, and the yellow into white near the tail. His tall crest can be elevated or depressed at pleasure; his breast is a rufous

niper-bird," among the French Canadians as the "*Recollet*," said to be due to the color of the crest resembling that of the hood of a religious order of that name; they are also



THE CEDAR-BIRD.

brown; a deep black line extends from the nostrils over the eyes to the hind head, bounded above by a slender line of pure white, made dazzling by strong contrast.

The geographical range of the Cedar-bird is said to extend from the equator to the fiftieth degree of north latitude. Westerly, Lieutenant Warren found it on the Yellowstone River. Mr. H. W. Henshaw includes it in his annotated list of the "Birds of Arizona," having met with it once near Camp Apache, and with indications of breeding there. Professor Sumichrast locates it at Tehuantepec, and includes it among his "Birds of South-western Mexico."

The names by which it is known are as various as the localities inhabited, being usually derived from the fruits they most affect; they are known in New York as the "Cherry-bird," in Massachusetts as the "Canada Robin," farther south as the "Ju-

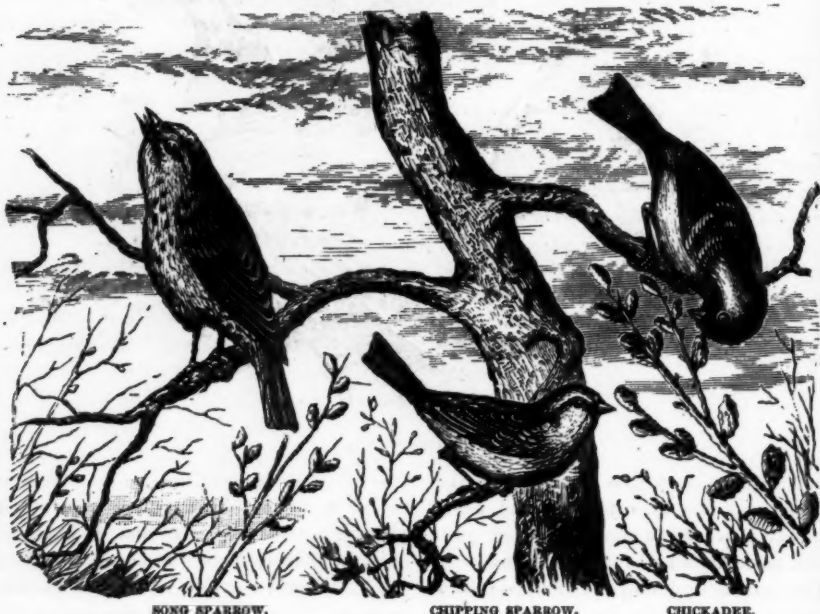
known in some localities as the "Brown-bird," from the prevalent color of their plumage; also the "Carolina Waxwing," and the "Ring Tail," from the band of black and yellow which terminates the tail feathers. The bill, legs, and claws are black; the female of the species being duller in color, with a diminished crest and narrower bar on the tail.

They are seldom, if ever, found singly, though during the nesting season the male bird pays his faithful duties to his brooding consort; associating at all other times with those of his kind in flocks, ranging from half a dozen to several dozens. It is an interesting sight to see with what an unassuming and easy manner a flock of these birds will alight with a peculiar and graceful nonchalant upward curve, upon the trees for rest and food, calling and responding to each other in their plaintive tones and forming no insignificant

strain in the unwritten music of nature, especially if the flock happen to be a large one.

The Wood Thrush is a smaller, but scarcely a less interesting member of its family than the "Thraasher." It measures only eight inches between the extremities of beak and tail, both of which members are in this bird proportionately smaller; but the wings are nearly the equal in extent of those of the other. The whole upper part is a bluish brown, brightening into nearly a red about the head, and white and buff underneath,

Chipping-bird or Garden Sparrow, and the Chickadee. The Sparrows (*passeres*) form a numerous and well-defined group of birds, having representatives in nearly all parts of the world, and yet in all their numerous varieties retaining with great steadiness their common and distinctive family traits. All the various species are small of size, only slightly gregarious, though, because of their numbers, they are often found in large bodies, but they have no flock arrangements as have the pigeons and the blackbirds. They



SONG SPARROW.

CHIPPING SPARROW.

CHICKADEE.

with pointed dark spots. Like his larger brother, the Wood Thrush is an inhabitant of nearly the whole North American continent, and it makes its migration about the same time, and in like manner, though it seems disposed to proceed farther to the northward; and they are said to constitute an especially numerous class of Summer denizens in the regions about Hudson's Bay.

Ordinary observers of nature in these localities become acquainted with three well defined species of the Sparrow family,—not including, of course, the newly imported English birds now so numerous in many of our American cities,—the Song Sparrow, the

are all feeders upon small seeds and insects, and our chief local varieties prefer to reside in the neighborhood of human habitations.

The Song Sparrow—the largest of its family—arrives from the far South about the middle of April, and at once announces his arrival by his merry chirp, and soon tells of his presence by his joyous and well sustained song. His notes are not unlike those of the canary, with a full display of trills and slurs and quaverings, and with evident imitations of the notes of other birds picked up on the way northwards. He seeks principally the sheltering swamps and the borders of bushy rivulets, where, perched on the topmost

bough of a shrub or tree, he may be heard saluting the cool, damp gray of the Spring morning with his song. As the season progresses he is seen in our lawns and gardens, or along the roadside in quest of food.

This species builds its nest upon the ground under a tuft of grass a little below the general level, or in a low bush or evergreen, but never more than a few feet from the earth, with usually four or five eggs of a grayish white thickly spotted with brown. The crown of this Sparrow is chestnut, marked with three longitudinal bluish or ashy bands; breast and flanks ashy white with oblong spots of a dark brown. Its length is about six inches. This bird is very generally diffused throughout the United States, and ranges from the thirtieth to the fiftieth parallel.

The little Chipping Sparrow, or Chip-bird, is the familiar favorite of all country children of the middle and northern portions of the United States and Canada. It may be seen about the garden and lawn, and at the very door-sill, as if desiring to cultivate a human companionship; and possibly, like most others, his friendliness is not absolutely disinterested, since near to the kitchen door seems to be his favorite place, and the kitchen-maid his best cherished friend. This bird migrates comparatively early in the Autumn to the far South, and comes back again only after the reign of Spring is fully established. It builds its nest of fine grass lined with hair in some shrub or bush, or among the branches of the apple-tree, in which are laid four or five eggs, bright, bluish green, spotted with brown at the larger end. It seems to be entirely songless, and the only sound of which it is capable is a faint, flat chip! chip! which it repeats almost incessantly. In size it is much less than the Song Sparrow, and is indeed among our very least birds. Its prevailing color is a light drab on the back and wings, buff breast and belly, and a chestnut colored head, which, in males, becomes red during the breeding season. It makes a residence of only about four months in this latitude, and before the gusts of October have blown it has gone away in pursuit of more favoring skies.

The Chickadee, or Black-capped Tit, is among our few Winter birds, and though, perhaps, so far migratory that it passes to the south of us during the extreme of Winter, yet it is not often seen in Summer time, or during its breeding season, having then gone still farther northward. Being properly an Arctic bird, and somewhat numerous, it may be seen as Winter approaches in great numbers among the thickets, or feeding upon the seeds of dry plants or the Winter berries or the larvae of insects, apparently the happiest of creatures, in their party-colored coats of feathers, flitting among the branches, and perpetually trilling their joyous chick-a-dee-de-e. In size it is about the same as the Chipping Sparrow, or the snow-birds, which are another species of Sparrows, that often accompany it from the north. Their backs and heads are a dark blue approaching to black, with a good deal of white about the breast and belly; they also show a large amount of white when they fly, both in the wing feathers and under the wings.

This bird has a great affinity for trees, being rarely if ever seen on the ground, and it gleans its subsistence chiefly from them. It builds its nest usually in the vacated hole of the woodpecker or squirrel, and lays from six to eight white and speckled eggs. Fearless in disposition, prone to cultivate the acquaintance of man, it ranges from the Eastern United States trending northerly to Alaska, being replaced in the further south by a variety of its type, and in the Missouri region by still another.

The Hairy Woodpecker is one of the few birds that remain in these latitudes during the whole Winter. It is found during the whole year from Hudson's Bay to Florida, and as far west as the Rocky Mountains. It is a vivacious, fearless and noisy bird; we meet him almost daily among the old trees, or in the orchard, tapping up the trunks and calling to his fellows with his curious "quauk-quauk." He seems so little concerned with all that is going on about him that he may be approached within a few feet. His flight, which is seldom long, is a succession of upward curves, made by slow and strong strokes of the wings. His food of

worms and insects is sought in the decayed bark and wood of the trees which he visits; and so keen is his senses of smell and hearing that the presence of a grub in a branch or

It builds its nests in holes pecked by itself, often with almost infinite labor, in old trees, in which it lays five or six white eggs, and rears its family.



HAIRY WOODPECKER.

NUT-HATCH.

DOWNY WOODPECKER.

trunk of a tree is readily detected; and often an almost unaccountable amount of pecking is used in securing the coveted game. He is a most skillful and successful hunter, and in his explorations the dead bark, mosses, and lichens are torn off without ceremony, and their covered-up tenants laid bare for his use. In this work he moves with the agility of a squirrel, in spiral curves, up the trunks of the trees, or hangs pendent from the horizontal branches, as fearlessly as if the force of gravitation had no power over him.

In plumage this bird is mottled black and white above and almost pure white beneath; the feathers on the back being long, loose, and slender. The two exterior tail feathers are white; there is an occipital band of red feathers in the male, and black in the female.

The Downy Woodpecker is closely related to the Hairy, and yet is sufficiently clearly distinguished from it. In some parts of the country it is called the "Sap-sucker," from a popular notion, but unfounded, that it sucks the sap of green trees. Upon the trunks of certain kinds of trees may be seen horizontal belts of holes, equally distant from each other, which these birds have made, it has been conjectured, as traps into which to decoy insects for future use. Like its congener described above, this bird remains with us during the whole year. About the middle of May it begins its preparation for nest-building. A tree is selected either of soft wood or else with decayed parts, and the work of excavating is begun. At the outside it enters horizontally, but soon inclines

downward, to the depth of a foot or more, and at the bottom it is widened out into a capacious bowl, thoroughly smoothed and polished. The eggs, usually six in number, are pure white, and are laid on the smooth surface of the cavity without other nesting. The habits of this bird are in most things almost identical with those of the larger species just described. The length of this bird is six inches and three-quarters, but with twelve inches extent of wings. Its crown is jet black, but the back of the head a deep scarlet, with white stripes about the eyes; the back, wings, and tail are heavily spotted with black upon a white ground, while the whole under parts are a dusky white.

The Nut-hatches, of which there are two or three well known varieties in the middle regions of North America, but of which the white-breasted Nut-hatch is the best known, are often classed with the woodpeckers, because of their resemblance in plumage to the forenamed birds, and because of their habits of creeping upon the trunks of old trees, though it does not appear that they ever attempt the severe labor of boring holes in the wood. If is found in almost all parts of the country, attracting attention by its incessant repetition of its single and quaint note, *quauk*, *quauk*, uttered briskly, but faintly, as it moves upward and downward in spirals upon the trunks of trees, searching for insects in the rough bark. It seems to prefer to have its head downward, for it usually moves about and even roosts in that position.

In the color and fashion of its plumage the Nut-hatch very closely resembles the hairy and downy woodpecker, of which family it might be mistaken for a diminutive variety, being black and white spotted, with a few reddish or brown feathers in the wings and tail. It measures only about five and a half inches in length, while the spread of its wings is nearly twice that extent. Though a Winter bird in the Middle States, it is to some extent migratory, as it comes to those regions from the further north. Its name is given it from the habit of some of its species of opening small nuts and hard-

shelled seeds by repeated strokes of its strong beak, having first fixed the nut firmly in some chink in the wood or strong bark. A suitable place for its work having been discovered it is used for many successive operations, till the spot becomes marked by the accumulated *débris*.

This bird builds its nest in April, choosing a hole of an old tree or any other object, in which it lays its five eggs, of a dullish white, flecked with brown. During this season the male bird is a close stayer at home, and remarkably attentive to the female, even to feeding her while upon the nest. Indeed, these birds seem to be patterns of matrimonial fidelity, constantly associating together with scarcely any other companionship, and while thus foraging together they usually keep up a lively exchange of conversation.

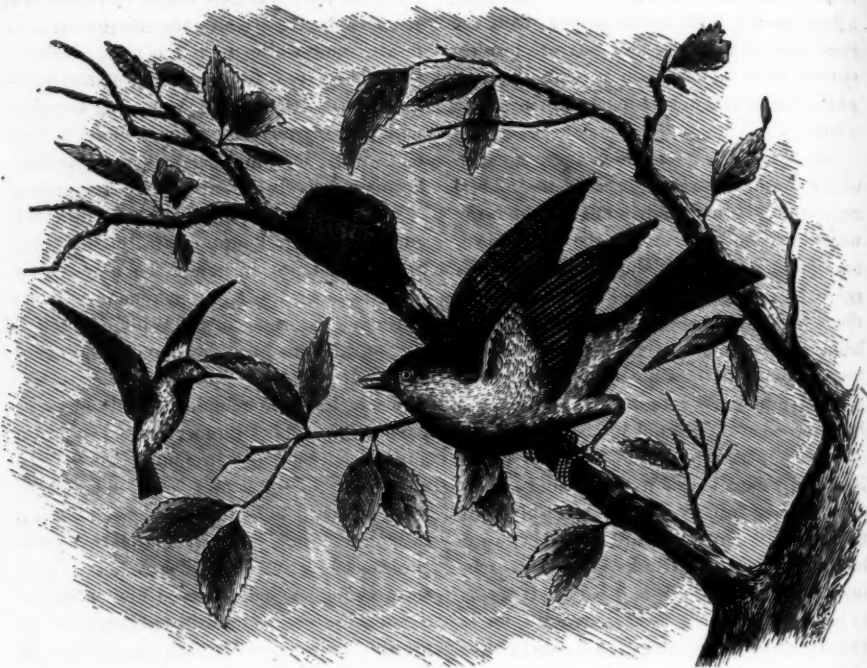
The Blue-bird is one of the best known and most generally appreciated of our early Spring visitants, if, indeed, he may not be classed among the few that remain with us during all the rigors of the Winter. Though generally a bird of passage, moving southward at the approach of Winter, yet he usually seems inclined to remain as little away as possible from his Summer haunts; and on any specially fine day in January he may be seen and his soft notes heard among the trees, and with the returning signs of Spring in later February or early March, his presence is usually a well established fact. If cold storms and snow-falls succeed his coming he at once disappears (probably hiding away in the thickets, or possibly sleeping for days in some hollow tree), till the sun reasserts his mastery, and the Spring is fairly inaugurated. In his courtship, which begins very early in the season, he is especially demonstrative, both in the expression of his endearments, and in the violence of his conflicts with any real or suspected rival.

The nesting begins any time in March, the first of that in Southern Pennsylvania, and the last in Northern New York and Canada, and places near to human habitations seem to be preferred, where the favorite boxes of the house wren are often preoccupied, for possession of which severe encounters not unfrequently occur, upon the arrival of that

more tardy comer. The nests are always placed in cavities or hollow places, with five pale blue eggs. Two broods are usually reared in a season. Beetles and spiders are the principal articles of diet, though flies on the wing are also somewhat taken, and later in the season ripe fruit is not neglected.

The song of the Blue-bird, a soft warble, often repeated, and expressive of the most agreeable quiet, is one most agreeable to hear. This, with his evident love of human so-

As his name imports, the prevailing color of this bird is blue; yet not over the whole body. The beak and wings, and most of the outside tail-feathers, are a deep cerulean; while the under surface is generally reddish, and the breast of the males rivals that of the robin in its brightness. In size and general appearance it resembles the English robin,—after which it has sometimes been named,—though it is altogether a finer and a more active bird. As it is quite too small to be



HUMMING-BIRD AND NEST.

BLUE-BIRD.

ciety, his harmlessness, and the beauty of his plumage and gracefulness of his movements, renders him a universal favorite. As the season advances and the young ones become fully grown, they gather in somewhat numerous companies, apparently only for social enjoyment; and during the months of August, September, and October, when the cares of the season are over and the Summer's heats mitigated, and all manner of food abundant, they seem to abandon themselves to their enjoyments, which are all of the gentlest and most *rational* character.

made a game bird, even by the most juvenile sportsmen, it enjoys an immunity from danger that is not shared by some others.

Humming-birds seem to be a special gift of nature to South and Central America; for while few, if any, of the family are found outside of this continent, only a single species of the more than seventy known farther southward are met with in this country. These birds are entirely migratory, as none of them could endure the severity of our least inclement Winters, and probably nearly all of them pass that season within the trop-

ies. In the Spring they begin to appear about Savannah during the last week in March, and a month later they are found in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; and early in May, having found their several Summer quarters, they engage in the usual warm weather work of the feathered race,—rearing their young. The nest, scarcely larger than an acorn-cup, is usually placed upon a thin horizontal branch,—but sometimes upon the upright mossy trunk, and is made of fine lichens and mosses glued together, and lined internally with the seed down of wild plants, and the fuzz of mulleins and ferns. The eggs are two, pure white, and of equal size at the two ends.

The Humming-bird is three and a half inches in length, of which nearly one inch is in the beak, and four in extent of wings. The whole back, wings, and tail, are of a bright golden green; the under side of the tail and of the wings is of a deep brownish purple; the bill, eyes, feet, and legs are black,

and the belly a dusky and greenish white. The male bird has across the throat a band of dark feathers which, when viewed in the proper direction, glows like a ruby. The food of this most ethereal of earthly beings is principally honey, which it draws for itself from the cups of the flowers,—for which purpose its long tubular bill especially adapts it. It is also, however, a bird of prey, a fly-catcher, and it is even suspected that in frequenting the flowers which he seems most to fancy, the attraction that brings him may be the insects there gathered, as well as the honey found in them.

The length of the season of these birds in their Summer residences is of course somewhat dependent upon the latitude; but in all the Middle and Northern States it may be said to terminate during the earlier part of September, and about the beginning of November they have mostly reached their Winter-quarters in Florida, or Texas, or beyond the Rio Grande.

A WEEK AT THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

“TRY the air at the Water Gap,” said a friend from whom we were asking advice, as a convalescent, with respect to the best and most accessible spot for an invalid seeking recuperation.

To the Water Gap, therefore, we went. Leaving the tropical atmosphere of New York one sultry Summer afternoon, by the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad, we sped across the monotonous meadows of the Hackensack, through the busy cities of Passaic and Paterson, up to the green hills among which the waters of the Passaic River wind and twist and gather strength to perform tasks among the ponderous water-wheels of the above-named cities, more wonderful than those of the genii of the Arabian Nights. The air of the iron mountains at Boonton swept refreshingly through the cars, and when the scenery along the road became barren and unattractive, as it does beyond Boonton, the clear atmosphere breathed an in-

vigoration which amply atoned for the absence of such landscape beauties as delight the eyes. But after reaching Mauch Chunk the scenery becomes charming again. The road now runs along the banks of the Delaware. The undulating fields of Pennsylvania dotted with comfortable homesteads, stretch far away until lost in the golden-tinted mists of the distant horizon. The canal, with its creeping boats drawn by lazy mules, scarcely modifies the impression of dreamy quiet begotten by the prospect. By and by the bridge, by which our train carries us to the Pennsylvania side of the river, affords us our first glimpse of the great natural curiosity we are so eager to behold. It is but a glimpse, however, for we are still eight miles from the Gap.

As we now rattle along the scenery changes as by magic. The hills are transformed into mountains. Instead of the rural beauties of a cultivated landscape we behold

nature clothed in her primitive grandeur. Presently we find ourselves suddenly borne into the shadow of "Mount Minsi," which towers majestically sixteen hundred feet on our left. On our right we see, first the rude flank of "Blockhead Mountain," and then the wooded side of "Mount Tammany." Between these giants roll the gentle waters of the Delaware, slowly winding through a mysterious cut less than a thousand feet wide for the distance of a mile. Seen through

in the darkness, seems to be a very steep ascending plane, on a road as "crooked as a ram's horn."

Fifteen minutes of this slow travel and we emerge from the gloom of a tree-lined road into what looks at first like a scene in fairyland, but which, when approached, resolves itself into the brilliantly lighted hotel with its hundreds of guests moving to and fro on its broad piazzas.

A kindly greeting from one of the urbane



DELAWARE WATER GAP.

the mists of evening, it is a weird and wondrous spot; but our reveries are speedily broken by the uncanny screams of the steam whistle and the bluff announcement of the brakeman, that the train is at the Water Gap.

We have been four hours on our journey, and it is now eight o'clock. Of course, we can see little at the unadorned depot beyond a row of omnibuses ranged along the edge of the platform. And all other sounds are lost in the cries of the drivers, shouting, "Gap House!" "Kittatinny House!" "Mountain House!" "Glenwood House!" etc. As we are in need of the best, we, of course, get into the Gap House coach, give our baggage checks to the porter, and speedily find ourselves slowly creeping up what,

proprietors, a roomy chamber, very clean, and very neatly furnished, a good supper, and attractive servants assure us that we have made no mistake in the choice of our hotel. Soon after ten the stir of the house ceases, and we sleep such a restful sleep as gives sure promise of the recuperation we are seeking.

The morning air and the relishable food at the breakfast table make us appetitive. Though a convalescent, we eat a breakfast which might satisfy a moderate epicurean. We next resort to the broad piazza, where we find abundant charms both for the senses and the æsthetic tastes. As we look south the northern end of this remarkable "Gap" lies at our feet, for we are now three hun-



MOSS CATARACT (CALDENO CREEK).

dred and sixty-five feet above the river. The wood-crowned sides and heights of Mounts Minsi and Tammany exercise an indescribable influence over the spectator. Their ever varying lights and shadows delight him, their majesty impresses him with a kind of awe; and as he looks on the beautiful river winding through the narrow channel at their feet, his mind wanders back into the mighty, the unknown past, and wonders how those mountains, once evidently united, were cut in twain by the river. Did the stream, like the Yellowstone and the Niagara, working through long geological periods, gradually wear away the strata which once

filled this mighty chasm? he asks himself. Or did it burrow its way beneath them, until, their foundations destroyed, they fell with a fearful crash? or, was the mountain cut in two by a sublime convulsion which shook the continent during the pre-adamite ages? Brooding over these questions one loses himself in the fog of unsatisfactory speculations. Finally, in view of the quality of the rocks which form the sides of this chasm, and of the evidences, written in geological characters, on the face of the soil, of the former existence of a vast lake above the Gap, he sagely concludes, that probably nature wrought the wonder violently, but hid the secret of her

method beneath the overwhelming mass of *débris* which she swept out of this marvelous gulf.

While absorbed in these and other nameless imaginings, we were roused by a companion, who enthusiastically exclaimed,

"Come here! the view north is perfectly delightful."

Moving to the end of the piazza we looked up the river, glanced at "Broadhead's Creek;" at the far-reaching Kittatinny Mountain, a portion of the Blue Ridge, which lifts its green head over Cherry Valley, and the Delaware; at "Transue's Knob;" at the fields and farm-houses which dot the landscape; and finally at the rafts which were floating down the river toward the shoals that lie just north of the Gap, and replied:

"Yes, this *is* charming—a fitting contrast to the ruder aspect of nature below."

"Can you walk down to the Kittatinny House?" my companion inquires, but in a doubtful tone.

"I think I can. This air has given me new strength already," I reply.

And then we start down the slope of Sunset Hill, on which the hotel stands, to the romantic bed of "Caldeno Creek," along which the waters of a pretty pond, dignified with the name of "Lake Lenape," discharge themselves into the river. About half-way down we found a rustic-bench, from which we gazed on the leaping, dashing, restless little torrent, and listened to that "sweet music of the waters" which is so delightful to every lover of nature. But still greater was the pleasure afforded us by the view of the Delaware as seen from the piazza of the Kittatinny House. Looking directly down upon its sunlit face, we followed its winding until it seemed to bury itself beneath the foot of Blockade Mountain, by which it is made to turn abruptly to the right. There is a peculiar fascination about this view, which, however often gazed on, never loses its power over the feelings. We lingered long upon it, and its image will be to us a "joy forever."

The next day we felt strong enough to attempt to walk to "Cooper's Cliff" and the miniature "Moss Cataract." To reach the

first, we had to do, for a convalescent, some severe climbing; but were amply repaid when we looked down from the rocky cliff upon the river, five hundred feet below.

After lingering long and lovingly upon the glorious prospects visible from the cliff and its environs, we crossed the broad plateau of red shale, called, "Table Rock," and, on emerging from the woods which fringe its lower edge, found ourselves standing in the loveliest of ravines, beside a sloping bed of moss-covered rock, about one hundred feet long, over which a stream of water rippled and foamed and danced most fantastically. Following the descent of the silvery waters, we paused beside a pool worn in the rock by the whirl of the water, and poetically named "Diana's Bath." A few yards farther on, we saw the streamlet suddenly leaping twenty feet or more, and forming one of the prettiest little cataracts imaginable. It is called Caldono Falls. After taking full note of these miniature beauties, we descended this romantic ravine for half a mile to "Lake Lenape," and thence returned to our hotel, somewhat weary with our walk, but mentally refreshed and delighted.

A row through the Gap in a boat, toward evening, gave us a clearer impression of this great natural curiosity than we had previously gained, and drew to our lips the words of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom thou hast made them all."

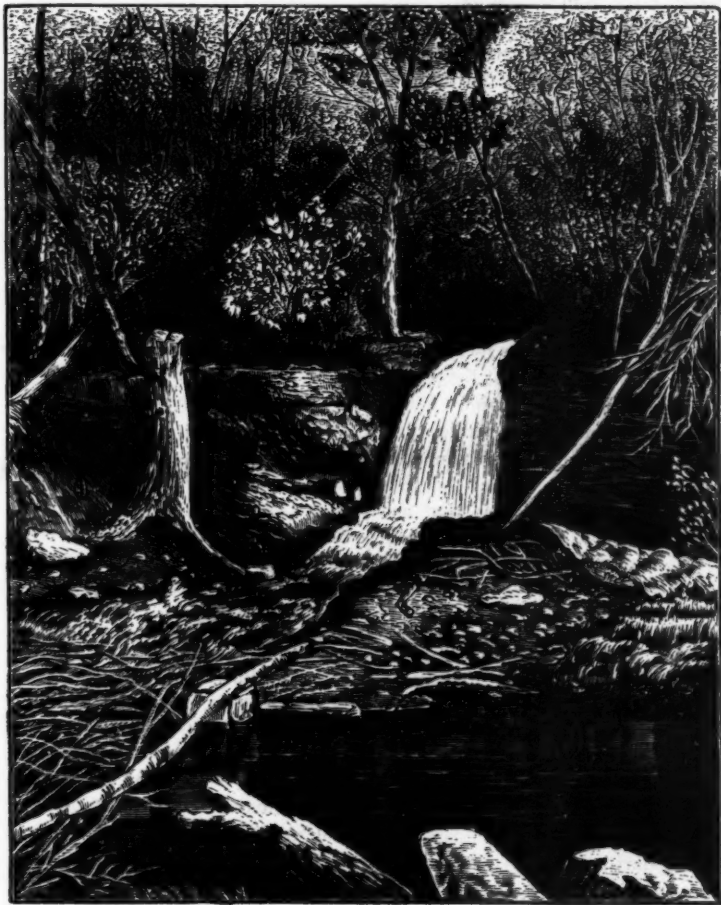
The next day we found ourselves able to walk some two miles to "Lover's Leap" and "Prospect Rock." The view from the former of these spots is one which artists most enjoy; from the latter it is more extensive. From both it is exquisite. Any attempt to describe either except with the pen of a poet of nature would do it injustice. They are both reached by a woodland road, recently made practicable and easy by the skill of an organized club of enthusiastic visitors who call themselves "Mount Minsi Pioneers."

After satisfying our sense of the beautiful at Lover's Leap, we inquire into the origin of the romantic name given to this attractive spot. The historian of the Water Gap, L. W. Brodhead, Esq., refers it to the mel-

ancholy legend recorded in his book, of which the following is the substance:

Over these wild hills and in the vast region lying along the valleys of the Dela-

gent nature drank instruction from the lips of the educated and gallant Van Allen. Her mind grew wonderfully under his influence. He, on his part, loved Winona with a pure



FALLS OF CALDENO CREEK.

ware, the Mohawk, and the Popacton, back to their sources in the Catskills, once lived the powerful Lenni Lenape Indians. About the time that the Dutch penetrated the valley north of the Gap in search of copper, the beautiful Winona, daughter of the wise chief Wissinoming, met and loved a young Hollander named Hendrick Van Allen.

Winona was the idol of her tribe, and an object of admiration to the white ladies of the Dutch settlement. Her quick, intelli-

affection, and looked forward to an honorable marriage with the dusky princess. But when the English wrested New York from the Knickerbockers, Van Allen was ordered home by the government in Holland, whose agent and subject he was. This order he felt bound to obey, inasmuch as he deemed his aristocratic connections too valuable to be lightly sacrificed. Not daring to marry her and remove her from her woodland haunts to his native land, he, after many

conflicts with himself, resolved to leave her woodland haunts for a time, and, if circumstances should favor, to return, settle in America, and make her his bride. But how to explain his purpose to the simple-minded beauty perplexed him.

One day the maiden, at his request, conducted him by well-known Indian trails to the summit of Mount Minsi, from whence he, for the first time, obtained a clear view of the Gap. Returning from the mountain-top, they paused at the spot now known as Lover's Leap, where, after listening to Winona's praises of the glorious Minisink Valley, as her people named their beautiful lands on the Delaware, Van Allen summoned courage sufficient to show her the letter ordering him home, and to explain its contents. The noble daughter of the forest listened to his startling words with silent grief. When he concluded, she spoke in the heroic spirit sometimes attributed to mythical Indians by poets and novelists, and told him that Winona's sun had now set forever; that she had awaked from her beautiful dream of love; that she would carry the image of her lover upon her virgin heart into the spirit-land; that his love was not like hers; that, while his duty called him to quit her and her woodland haunts, she was summoned by the Great Spirit to die that she might live again in the land where the current of her love for Hendrick might flow on without interruption forever.

After this and much other grandiloquent speech, Winona bade Van Allen farewell, and, suddenly darting from his side, threw herself over the cliff. Hendrick sprang after her, caught her, but too late to prevent the catastrophe.

The princess of the Lenape and the aristocratic young Dutchman are supposed to have perished together. A tragic conclusion to a romantic story. Unfortunately for the legend, however, one who listens to its recital on the spot consecrated to it by local tradition is puzzled to comprehend why Winona chose it as her place of doom in preference to Prospect Rock, from which her self-immolation might have been much more readily achieved. But we imagine the

proportion of truth in this, as in most other legends, is an infinitesimal quantity.

A mile above Prospect Rock is the summit of Mount Minsi. The ascent is tolerably steep, yet practicable even for ladies, hundreds of whom have climbed it. We did not venture to task our strength in an attempt to reach it. Hence we lost the enjoyment of a vast view to the south, which every visitor pronounces surpassingly grand and beautiful.

The following day we spent in lounging upon the rustic bench in the ravine near the outlet of Caldono Creek, already mentioned, and upon the piazza of the Kittatinny House; in another boating trip to the Jersey side of the river, from whence a fine view of the hotels with their sylvan surroundings is to be had; and in a walk to Mount Caroline and Laurel Hill.

Mount Caroline, which is but a quarter of a mile from our hotel, is only a slight elevation, but it affords one of the most picturesque views about the Gap. One dwells with rapture on the loveliness of the lower portion of Cherry Valley, with its sluggish creek winding like a line of silver through its emerald meadows. To the north-west his eye feasts on the undulating lines of Fox Hill, running for miles to Shawnee Hill and Transue's Knob. Looking down he sees the broad Delaware, dotted with green islands; and, finally, at his feet he notes the straggling village of the Water Gap.

It was in the vicinity of this delightful spot that Monsieur Dutot, an imaginative Frenchman, after escaping from the massacre of his countrymen at St. Domingo in 1793, resolved to found a city. Enchanted by the peculiar beauty of its scenery, he purchased an immense tract of what was then deemed worthless land, and settling upon it, laid out a city, upon paper, on a magnificent scale. He built several houses, reserved a plot for a market-place, constructed a turnpike, became a bankrupt, died, and was buried on Sunset Hill. His projected city died with him. Cities can not live by sylvan beauty only, and unless these grand old hills should hereafter reveal some unlooked for treasures to the miner's eyes, the dream of poor old

Monsieur Dutot will remain a dream forever.

Our Sunday at the Gap was a day of quiet repose, and we were spiritually feasted at the

tumbling ninety-six feet over an abraded cliff into an "adamantine chamber" below. Neither will we describe the attractions of Marshall's Falls, of the romantic Saw Creek



BUSHKILL FALLS.

neat little Methodist Episcopal Church, where we heard an intellectual, yet practical, sermon from the lips of its young and promising pastor.

We will not weary our reader with a description of our Monday's drive through Cherry Valley, and over the hills to the thrifty village of Stroudsburg. Nor will we tell him of the beauties of the country through which one passes in visiting Bushkill Falls to witness the limpid waters wildly

Valley, and other points of interest which lie within easy reach from the Gap. It is enough for us to say here, that all who have time and leisure for excursions thereto, uniformly return gratified and delighted.

The country around the Gap is associated with names almost classic in modern Christian story. David Brainerd, with a burning heart, once traversed the hills and vales of the Minisink, seeking to win the wild Lenape Indians to Christ and civilization. The

Moravians had their missionary establishment at Bethlehem, and their preachers traversed the Delaware, Lehigh, and Susquehanna Valleys, preaching Jesus with some success to the red warriors. Their voices were often heard in Cherry Valley and at Stroudsburg in the vicinity of Brodhead's Creek. Then our own John Brodhead, once so well known, so highly respected, and so greatly beloved in New Hampshire, was a native of this vicinity, was converted through the labors of an itinerant, who preached in a school-house near his ancestral home, and went forth with heroic faith and saintly fervor when only eighteen years old, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. The proprietors of the Gap House are nephews of this old hero of the cross, and their virtues reflect no discredit on the Brodhead blood which courses in their veins.

Our allotted week at this pleasant spot having expired we returned home stronger in body than when we left it, and greatly refreshed in spirit by our week's communion with the solitudes and beauties of nature. A place more delightful for a Summer sojourn can not easily be found. Looking back on that pleasant week we often apply to it these lines of Wordsworth:

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity.
..... Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well-pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

HEBREW POETRY.

IN his introduction to Lange's Job, Professor Tayler Lewis, as truthfully as beautifully, remarks, "Poetry and music came from the same God as religion itself, and are intended for the same holy ends." In the same paragraph he quotes Bishop Lowth as speaking of poetry as "that art which has been conceded to man by the favor of his Creator, and for the most sacred of purposes." And referring to those who would condemn the use of poetry and music in public worship, Dean Stanley remarks, sharply, "To such sentiments the towering greatness of David, the acknowledged pre-eminence of the Psalter, are constant rebukes. David, beyond king, soldier, or prophet, was the *sweet singer* of Israel." Stripped of its poetry the Bible would be quite another book than what it is, and perhaps it is not too much to say, that without the aid of poetic language the revelations of the Old Testament could not have been effectually made. And yet it may be doubted whether this fact is not practically overlooked in the ordinary use of the Bible, to the very great detriment of those who read.

In our English version of the Bible no distinction of form is made between the poetical portions and the plain prose. No doubt this omission detracts from both the beauty and the force of these poetical parts, and also tends to mislead in respect to the sense, as the tropical language of poetry, rendered in the form of prose, often becomes hyperbolic, and as literal statements they are often incorrect. The distribution of the sacred text into verses also operates unfavorably upon the poetical parts, by making divisions and distributions of matter in violation of the requirements of metrical and rhythmical laws. Doubtless, among the improvements to be effected in the promised new version will be the proper rendering of these poetical portions.

A good illustration of the difference between a poetical picture and a plainly prosaic statement of facts is given in the account of the passage of the Red Sea. The narrative declares, "And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." Poetically, the same thing

is thus given in the "Song of Miriam, "And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap; the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea." The former of these is simply prose, as to its form, though on account of the grandeur of the event, it retains something of a poetic aroma; the latter is poetical alike in its form and substance.

The source of poetry is the imagination, which arouses the soul, and looking backward and upward to the Creator, combines the original elements into new forms for new purposes, according to the hidden plan conceived in the heart and revealed in its own creations to the world. Hence, the poet is called a creator. Poetry, being the creature of the imagination, naturally assumes figurative forms of expression, and uses great boldness of imagery. "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling from earth to heaven," gathers, from all sides, the materials with which to body forth its conceptions, and these combined in all required forms are dropped upon the page like pearls or gems. "Poetry," says Emerson, "is the perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of the thing. Nature itself is a vast trope. The primary use of a fact is law; the secondary use, as it is a figure or illustration of my thought, is the real worth. Nature's highest use is but to body forth the world within."

The poetry of the Bible has a form of its own, which, though unlike our own rhyme and meter, is yet well adapted to express the highly figurative ideas and conceptions of the Oriental mind. Hebrew poetry is too grand to need or to admit of the feeble adjunct of rhyme, which Milton characterizes as the "invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame meter." Most of rhymed paraphrases of the Psalms found in our hymn-books are sad failures, belittling the grand poetry of the original. One of the peculiar forms of Hebrew poetry is its parallelisms; which consist in a repetition of the same idea in somewhat varied language. There is also a cadence and a deep rhythmical flow of the language which can not fail to strike a musical ear, and which seems to be eminently appropriate to

the sentiment and language of the Bible. It also abounds with the figurative expressions which characterize all Oriental languages, and this not only in the Psalms but in other parts also, and particularly the prophecies, and indeed wherever the ideas rise above the common plane and endeavor to express the mysterious or the infinite. This parallelism as well as the peculiar figures and the combined tenderness and grandeur of Hebrew poetry are well illustrated in the elegy of David, the "Sweet singer of Israel," over the bodies of his dearest friend Jonathan, and his honored king, the ill-fated son of Kish:

"O, Beauty of Israel, slain in thy high places!
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath;
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon.
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.
Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,
Neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings;
For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away;
The shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed
with oil
From the blood of the slain,
From the fat of the mighty.
The bow of Jonathan turned not back;
The sword of Saul returned not empty.
O Saul and Jonathan!
In mutual love united in your lives
And in your death, ye were not divided!
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
O Jonathan, slain on thine own mountains,
I am distressed for thee, my brother, Jonathan;
Most dear hast thou been unto me;
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen
And the weapons of war perished!"

Among the characteristics of David's poetry, as with that of Shakespeare, are naturalness and sweetness. But there is this marked contrast between the two, that while Shakespeare's poetry is almost wholly impersonal,—a mirror reflecting nature, and disclosing the inmost workings of the human heart, but revealing nothing of himself,—David's poetry is the full-sized image of the man. His own heart is the harp of a thousand strings, whose melody we hear in his Psalms, and whose tender strains vibrate to a responsive chord in the hearts of all mankind. With him nature is but an expression of the power and goodness of God. Every thought and action is beheld in the light of the pure and perfect law of God.

With a sublime unconsciousness of the presence of man, and standing alone in the presence of the Searcher of hearts, to whom all things are revealed, the sweet singer lays bare his whole soul with its hopes and fears, its sins and contritions, its pleadings and praises, as only the truly inspired worshipers could do. And thus it is that Christians in times of trial and temptation, in their sincerest prayers and most joyful praises, find their fullest expression in the poems of David. All the secret springs and inmost chords of the human heart, on its heavenward side, answer to his touch in strains pure and gentle as those of his shepherd's reed or the harp with which he calmed the troubled soul of Saul. His poetry can be read with full appreciation only in the light of his wonderful experience, and the fullness of his strong passionate and loving heart. The fierce and unrelenting persecution of Saul produced in David that sense of the insecurity of life, of man's utter helplessness and dependence upon God which forms so large a part of the utterances of the Psalms. His marvelous deliverance, the striking versification of his trust, and his all abounding praises for deliverance; his temptation and fall in the day of prosperity; his deep contrition and prayers for forgiveness, and finally the great flood of affliction which swept over his old age, and his triumphant passage through them, are all pictured in his Psalms, in language tender, deep, and mild, now soft, now wild; now sad, and now joyous, like the fitful notes of the *Æolian* harp. The Psalms expressing the God-ward thoughts of men in all conditions and of all races have been and ever will be the treasure-house of prayer and praise for Christians in all lands and in every age.

The Psalms of David are of two general classes, those designed for public occasions, and to be chanted in the temple service, and those expressing his private prayers and praises on special occasions. Their keynote, as well as their name, is praise. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men," is the ever-recurring refrain of the songs of one who had experienced the dealings of God in adversity and pros-

perity, in temptation and affliction, such as falls to the lot of but a few. As an example of the former class of Psalms, see the twenty-fourth, which is supposed to have been chanted on the occasion of the bringing of the ark into Zion. It also shows remarkably the peculiar parallelisms of Hebrew poetry, and indicates that the parallel passages were, probably, sung or chanted, responsively, by alternate choirs of singers. It begins thus:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof:
The world, and they that dwell therein;"

and ends with the famous chant:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."^o

But, on the other hand, we see the poet king in the deepest vale of humiliation when, in the day of his fall, "in the matter of Uriah," he cries out in language of true poetic feeling, as is always the language of the heart:

"Have mercy upon me, O God,
According to thy loving kindness;
According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies,
Blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin,
For I acknowledge my transgressions,
And my sin is ever before me.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Solomon excelled in wisdom, but in the poetic gift he falls far below his father. Yet

^o Charles Wesley's version of this Psalm, in his well-known Resurrection Hymn: "Our Lord is risen from the dead," has all the beauty and much of the grandeur of the original. The second stanza is grandly picturesque, and all alive:

"There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

The first two lines of the third stanza present one of the finest specimens of poetical imagery in any language. It resembles, but excels, Ovid's description of the starting out of Phaeton with the chariot of the sun, on his disastrous journey through the heavens; but the imagery in that case is neither so sublime nor so chaste. Such figures as, "Bars of massy light," closing the entrance to the heavens of heavens, and shutting in "the ethereal scene," are alike sublime and beautiful.—EDITOR.

his proverbs are expressed in that clearness and brevity of language which make the proverb a condensation of many men's wisdom in one man's words, and in many instances their figures rise into true poetry. Their repetitions and parallelisms, their contrasts or balancing of sentence against sentence and thought against its opposite thought, often render them sententious and elegant. Ecclesiastes contains some fine poetical passages; notably the beautiful analogy of the human body to a fallen temple in its gradual and insidious decay:

"In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the grinders cease because they are few,
And those that look out of the windows be darkened,
And the doors shall be shut in the streets,
When the sound of the grinding is low;
And he shall rise up at the voice of a bird,
And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;
Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,
And fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree
shall flourish,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall
fall:
Because man goeth to his long home,
And the mourners go about the streets:
Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel be broken at the cistern.
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:
And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Solomon's greatest work, the "Song of Songs"—if, indeed, it is his—has suffered greatly from the cold and unimaginative character of the Western mind, and the unpoetic form in which it has been presented. Its tenderness and delicacy, and the picturesqueness and warmth of its language, can hardly be appreciated in our times. Like its own roses and lilies, it has a freshness and brilliancy of color, a richness and delicacy of perfume, which can be found only under Eastern skies, and which are exhaled and lost if transplanted into our rude climes. It has also suffered not a little as a poem by attempts to give it an unwarranted spiritual application, and to find something about Christ and his Church in all its language. Why not let it stand as it is, the *chef d'œuvre* of Hebrew amatory poetry, a tender and impassioned tribute to pure and perfect, though only human, love?

As wedded love is the highest symbol by

which to represent the union of Christ and his Church, this poem may bear this general application; but in giving it a minute and literal interpretation in that direction, not only has much been lost from its poetic beauty, but its moral meaning has also been overlooked. Many of its finest figures are sometimes put to uses of which, we may be sure, its author never dreamed. Yet, by their picturesqueness and power, they are imperishable. Who has not in the glad spring-time, when all nature was bursting into newness of life and beauty, been able to find fit expression in such words as these?

"Lo the Winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of the birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."⁶

Again, in what language has beauty ever been more fitly arrayed than in the following?

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
And terrible as an army with banners?"

What poet has ever paid his homage to love in language more beautiful and true than this?

"Many waters can not quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it.
If a man would give all the substance of his house for
love,
It would be utterly contemned."

But the grandest of all the great Hebrew poems is the Book of Job. The appreciative critic of Biblical poetry, who contemplates this book in its aggregate unity, will experience emotions not unlike those of a traveler

⁶ In the old Methodist Hymn-book (that superseded in 1850), Hymn 238 was a version of this passage in the Song, by an unknown author, of more than ordinary excellence, which we now reproduce, as it will be new to most of our readers:

"The voice of my Beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain top he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills.
Gently doth he chide my stay,
Rise, my love, and come away."

The scattered clouds are fled at last;
The rain is gone, the Winter's past,
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The warbling choir enchants our ear.
Now, with sweetly pensive moan,
Cooes the turtle-dove alone."—EDITOR.

as he stands before some grand temple or cathedral, vast, majestic, antique, and solitary. It is essentially a drama, and yet quite unlike productions of the same class as found in other fields of literature. Its subject is MAN, his duty and his destiny, and eminently man in the presence and under the hand of God. Its place is on earth, or in the heavens; its time anywhere in the ages of the past, but coming down to the present as well as reaching back to the ages of the older eternity. Its actors are Man, Satan, and God himself, who speaks at last out of the whirlwind and the cloud. In the language of Goethe in his futile, not to say impious, imitation of its sublime opening, the prologue is in heaven. "Now there was a time when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them." Thus at one stroke a perspective of two worlds is opened. Throughout the poem, as in life, it is necessary to have this view of the supermundane before and beyond the scene of suffering, or it would fall with crushing weight upon man's faith and hope. It is in this revelation of the infinite background, seen across the narrow fields of life, that the unequaled grandeur and elevation of the poem consists. The theme is the ministry of suffering, and the uses of evil, the problem of the ages, and the rewards of virtue even in this life, the necessary connection between sin and sorrow, and the assured triumphs of virtue. At the first glance just the reverse appears. The good suffer and the evil prosper. This is the argument of Job's friends. "You are afflicted, therefore you must be wicked." But the prologue and the conclusion of the poem give the only and complete answer to the argument, and also to the world problem of the present existence, and the final overthrow of evil. It is permitted by God, why we know not, and it is overruled for good to them who fear him, but an instrument of retribution to those who receive not its instructions. Eliphaz is right. Sin is wedded to sorrow, and virtue to happiness; but not always from the beginning. Satan appears in his true character of adversary and accuser. Not as equal with God, nor yet as

archangel fallen, but as the eternal enemy of God and of man. He uses the powers allowed him with fiendish pleasure to injure the innocent and to afflict the just, yet is he held in the grasp of Omnipotence, and all his acts are overruled, and compelled at last to minister to the good of the long-suffering saint. The mixed and imperfect state of human affairs is assumed, so that misfortunes and afflictions are not essentially evil, but may be sent for ultimately good results, or they may be the necessary consequences of our own acts or inflicted by Satan as the agent of divine justice. The only real and essential evil is *sin*; and that is such continually and necessarily. After the views, at first given, of the divine interest in and direction of the events of the poem, which are shown to be most intense and intimate, the scenes become shut up to earth, where the disputants discuss all phases of the mighty problems of life, and in which Job sins not with his lips, though in his heart he charges God foolishly; and this too he at last confesses, and receives at the same time the divine approval. Then, again, the scene changes; heaven appears in view, virtue is recompensed and God's ways justified to man.

The language and imagery of the Book of Job transcend description. Nothing but itself can give an adequate idea of it. To quote all the beautiful passages would be to transcribe the chief parts of the whole book. Simile and metaphor are freely employed, yet with a chasteness and propriety seldom equaled. In many things Homer is most fitly comparable to Job, and yet the speeches of his heroes are like the prattling of children compared to those of the Idumean patriarch and his friends. Homer is often tuneful, though but seldom grand; Job is always grand, often sublime, and yet in all is heard and felt the same sonorous rhythm and moving cadences. The poem begins upon a plane infinitely above that of the Iliad (the wrath of Achilles, a sulky savage cheated of his prize), and continues to ascend to the end. Homer's comparison of the Trojan host rushing to battle to a swarm of bees issuing from their hives; or of the suc-

ceeding generations of man to the falling leaves of the forest are apt but not majestic.

Job's description of the war horse:

"Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

and of Leviathan:

"Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?
Or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?
In his neck remaineth strength,
And sorrow is turned into joy before him,"

are unrivaled, and will ever be justly celebrated. What language has ever given a more vivid picture of man's frailty and helplessness before God than this:

"By the blast of God they perish;
And by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed.
Shall mortal man be more just than God?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?
Behold he put no trust in his servants,
And his angels he charged with folly;
How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,
Whose foundation is in the dust,
Which are crushed before the moth?"

The whole book abounds in the boldest imagery, and the most brilliant metaphors, which only an intimate acquaintance with the external world and a clear and strong imagination could supply. The starry heavens were to him as a well read book. "Orion and the Pleiades, Arcturus with his sons," were his companions. So too of the animal kingdom about him; Behemoth "drinketh up a river," and Leviathan's eyes are like the "eyelids of the morning," and these are the teachers of man's insignificance and weakness. The wild goat and hind, the wild ass and the unicorn, the stork and ostrich, the horse, the hawk, and the eagle, all show man's ignorance and God's providence.

The scene presented in the thirty-eighth chapter has very few equals in the fields of literature:

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said,
Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?
Gird up, now, thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

By the use of the emphatic figure of interrogation the speaker enters into the very arcana of creation, leads man in search of

the depths, and up to the very secret of life. Ruskin most pertinently says, "The Bible is specifically distinguished from all other early literature by its delight in natural imagery. The whole book of Job appears to have been written and placed in the inspired volume, in order to show the value of natural history, and its holy and humbling influence on the human heart. The magnificent allusions to natural scenery throughout the book are calculated to touch the heart to the end of time." It is also most remarkable that such a poem abounding with such sublime lessons about God and man, providence and duty, should have been produced in an age and among a people who had received none of the specifically Hebraic revelation, containing, as it does, the most elevated and strong expressions of faith and trust in God and in the future life. Thus from beyond the veil are heard the sweetly solemn words of faith and hope:

"There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary be at rest.
For I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.
And though after my skin worms destroy this body,
Yet in my flesh shall I see God."

We may well apply to the close of this great poem the words of Beattie on the sublime ending of "Paradise Lost:" "And thus while we are at once melting in tenderness, elevated with pious hope and overwhelmed with grandeur of description, the divine poem concludes."

We must close our article, omitting entirely one of the finest departments of Hebrew poetry—that found in the prophets—the proper consideration of which would carry us beyond our assigned limits. As we began with a sentence from the pen of an accomplished Biblical scholar, so will we close with a brief paragraph from the same hand: "The artless simplicity and naturalness of the poetry of the Bible are sometimes the highest triumph of art. Those poems and songs which are the outgoings of the heart, without any show of artificial labor, are the most popular, and never lose their hold on the heart. We feel that we could have made them ourselves, and yet only a high order of genius could have produced them."

AMONG THE HILLS.

THE hills are almost as varied in aspect as the ocean. If not as kaleidoscopic in form, yet they are so in color and light. There is something human in the diverse moods of a range of hills, and one learns to love them in their inexhaustible changes as one loves the play of expression in the face of a friend. The more intimate one gets with them the more secrets they tell; but, know them as well as you may, they will now and then reveal themselves to you in some unexpected guise.

If one lives within a few miles of a mountain, with an altitude of two or three thousand feet, with smaller hills flanking it, and with an unobstructed view of these, the circumstance forms an occasion for daily thanksgivings. With such a heritage one needs never be envious of the towering majesty of Mount Washington or the Sierras. These can easily be left to tourists and the raptures of great poets; less lofty unrenowned hills are entirely sufficient for every-day use.

Such hills are as much given to romance, in their humbler way, as are the snowy peaks of the Alps in theirs. There are days when they wrap themselves in their royal mantles and withdraw from too close observation. What goes on in their rocky caves and along their seamed sides on such days they never reveal. The Sphinx is not more reticent. A purple haze broods over them and hides all minor features, so that they are seen only in heroic outlines, like colossal figures of antique art. The atmosphere has done the work of Titans, and carried them miles away.

This is the poetry of the hills. One would never guess at the change which a few hours can effect in this enticing figure; there is an almost terrible realism in it. If the atmosphere is transparent enough, and the sky is lined with thin white cloud, the violet has turned to a dull glare of green, and the soft draperied forms into hard rigid lines unrelieved by any shadow. The hills are never so harshly repellent as in this revealing light. Bare spots appear here and there that were

never suspected; the rocks look bald and shrunken; this is the hard prose of the mountains. It is like reading stock quotations after a fascinating idyl. One never so realizes the value of a little color as when the hills are thus shorn of their romance. They are like those human faces which have settled into hard dull lines, from which not only the bloom of youth has faded, but which are never illuminated by feeling. A little intelligence or enthusiasm would warm them up and make them beautiful.

There are numberless shades of dark blue in the hills between the first day of January and the last of December. The delicate differences of effect are as inexhaustible as the hours that chronicle them; but they must all be roughly classed under one head. This is one of the commonest aspects of small mountain scenery. The purplish masses lie back in simple, solid majesty, neither idealized in illusive light nor harshly bare from lack of it. One never gets so just an estimate of their real strength as now; they neither borrow nor lend, but are simply and truly themselves. There is a healthful tonic in the sight of them. When they are wrapped in golden haze, or swim in soft splendor, the effect is like intoxication—one is stimulated to all manner of wild vagrant fancies; but they fade and grow cold with the tinted mists. This is a more normal stimulus, which lasts longer and nourishes better.

If the sky is covered with cloud, or it is toward evening, the dark blue deepens into purple and purple-black; ponderous iron-like masses are thrown heavily against the somber sky—one is never so reminded of their immense avoirdupois. When night has fallen, and the light of the moon is filtered through broken masses of cloud, redeeming the world from darkness, the vast giants in the horizon have an ominous life; they seem to move; the mind is filled with awe and dread conjecture.

Very different in its effect is that darkness which rises upon the hills when a storm is rising. The frowning masses are full of

majesty, but there is no ghostliness in them. The resources that lie hidden under their dark-blue quiet come into action. They rise higher and stand out bolder; they seem fairly to dilate in their wrath. The color of their superb fronts deepens and intensifies; if it is Summer the vivid dark green reminds one of richest velvet, for it is a matter of texture as well as color, and the greenness seems but the smallest element in it. One never thinks of velvet when the light is cold and thin; he is more reminded of a ragged, home-made carpet with spots of bare floor showing through.

When an unbroken mass of purple cloud hangs directly over the hills, the magnificent robe which clothes them is of uniform depth and tint; but if the light falls through scattered fragments of vapor, showing their contour, the possibilities of this superb fabric are revealed. The broken lines bring out the tints that lie hidden in it, and the vast resources of a solitary color are illustrated. The rich lustrous changing beauty of this mountain robe fills the senses. Where the rays fall directly upon an abrupt line the soft shining is like the turn of the best Lyon material. One feels like stroking the nap.

Light showers trailing along a mountain range often produce a very pretty effect. Light has little or nothing to do with this appearance; it is mostly a matter of form. The delicate filmy veil appears to be gently borne along in invisible arms; now and then getting caught in the rocks, or settling upon gentle slopes, and again rising, ethereal and spirit-like, into higher spaces; but always moving with the majesty that is seldom associated with a thing so insubstantial. It forms unobserved and disperses as silently. So delicate, changing, and gossamer-like is it, and so mysteriously it disappears, it seems like a dream-creation.

Another appearance, which I do not remember to have often noticed, is seen only in Winter. The hills look like softest porcelain. Probably that part of the heavens is a vast reach of white cloud, but a delicate snow-fall is the real secret of it; a kind of squall which produces a clear soft dimness like white china. This is too exquisite to last long, and the rarity of it is at least

equal to that of the choice and costly wares which it resembles.

Among sunset pictures, that in which a flood of radiance is poured down between the different hills, leaving the hills themselves in shadow, is a marked one. From his hiding-place behind the central height, the sun sends out tides of solid splendor into the gorges. The dark chasms become golden passage-ways, through which one would not be in the least surprised to see angels moving. The soft suffused light is in bars or layers which slant through the openings, and down which one fancies he might slide to the bottom. The effectiveness of this depends upon a hazy atmosphere, which the sun knows how to turn into this body of glorious color.

Not only boldness in sky-outlines, but in the entire bulk of the mountains, is most striking in Autumn. There is something in the atmosphere of the Autumnal season that throws out mountain masses in grander prominence than they present at any other time. Their shoulders are broader and stronger, and they look more stalwart, as if the tonic of the season had invigorated them as it does human frames.

This rude majesty of the hills is a stimulant in itself. One experiences a kind of heroic exaltation in presence of it. Quite unlike this is the suggestion which lies in a Winter aspect of the same heights. On certain brilliant days, when snow lies deep and the intense light dazzles the eye, the pure refinement of the horizon outlines is like a strain of music in its effect. All harshness and crudity are gone, and a subtle harmony takes possession. The fine perfection of it makes one despair of ever attaining excellence, and gives a sudden sense of being awkward or ill-dressed.

Where those rugged hills get such exquisite tinting is a mystery. It seems to have been refining in the alembic of the ages, instead of being born of an hour's sunshine. This aspect, so soft and seductive, suggests very feebly the severity of Winter. It breathes only gentleness and balm.

If one is reared in the midst of mountain scenery it becomes quite indispensable. Days of heavy fog are a double drain upon the

spirits, for they not only exhaust one's breath, but hide an essential part of the landscape. I remember a season of sullen gloomy weather, lasting nearly two weeks, when masses of leaden cloud settled down upon the hills, covering them even to their bases. It never lifted for an hour, but hung

over them, a ponderous imperturbable body of gloom, for long days. The drain upon one's vitality was enormous; but much of it was the sense of loss one experienced. A part of the world seemed to have fallen out, and the immense vacancy was indescribably oppressive.

ST. ASPINQUID.

A BALLAD OF YORK.*

WHERE sloping vales and uplands gently
curve

To kiss the white foam of the Eastern sea,
Where broad Atlantic dashes to their marge

Its surges in their glee,
An ancient city sitteth by the shore,
Sitteth and dreameth in her afternoon,
What time York River in her tidal flow
Murmurs her ceaseless tune;

What time York River through the velvet leas
Bears down her tiny sail-boats to the sea
And babbles garrulous, beneath the trees
Of ships that used to be,
Of sons returning from the southern main
With spices laden or with curious ware;
Of whalers bringing from the icy plain
Their hard won wealth to share.

No rushing car this hoary stillness breaks,
No whistle mocks the Indian by its yell,
No village press foul words of slander hiss,
There rings no factory bell.
The wires but flash their lightnings from
afar,

And, save where lumbering stages daily ply,
The drowsy town seems only half awake
Beneath the dreamy sky.

And here, when human surges with their roar,
Have baffled city swimmers in their strife,
Brain, nerve, and fancy, shattered, seek this
shore

For a new breath of life.

We wander dreamily these lanes along,
Or watch the curling breakers in their play,

And through the whispering elms we catch a
song

About that elder day;—

A song of men with stalwart arm and heart,
Who wrested culture from this barren sand;
Of woman's patience doing well its part
Upon this lonely strand;
Of toilsome journeys through the trackless
woods,

Of weeks when barrel and when cruse ran low,
Of tear-dimmed watchings for the homeward
sledge

Across the moonlit snow.

It speaks of sudden wakings in the night,
Of cattle lowing, and of barns on fire;
Of welcome refuge for the nestling's fright
Beneath the church's spire;
Of startling war-whoop from the painted chief,
Ringling like murder's tocsin o'er the plain;
Of life, when morning's sunshine brought relief
All to begin again.

And other notes the breezy music hath,
Hoarse whispers of New England's foulest
stain;

Dames, who by moonlight scoured above the
trees,

Or floated on the main;
Fair sun-kissed children, maidens morning-
crowned,

And youths, ingenuous as their hopes were fair,
Swept like the clover-blooms from freedom's
ground,

By superstition's share.

* The old town of York, in Maine, disputes with St. Augustine, in Florida, the honor of being the oldest city within the territorial limit of the United States, Sir Fernando Gorges, its discoverer, having obtained for it a city charter from Charles I, in 1640. It has its usual share of New England legends, concerning pioneer hard-

ships, Indian raids, trials for witchcraft, etc., and adds one or two peculiar to itself, of which, perhaps, the most pleasing is that of "St. Aspinquid," who is said to lie beneath the hill of Agamenticus, with a hecatomb of one thousand one hundred wild beasts above him.

Nor wanted York a ghostly form to float
In midnight hours around her mossy graves,
A loveless sprite to tip the fisher-boat
Over the crested waves.

The puritanic preachers here convened
To lay the spirit with reformer's spell,
In cupboard sleeping safely, as if hushed
By priestly book or bell.

But sweeter tones the music hath for me,
Where Agamenticus his fir-crowned head
Raises to gaze upon the distant sea,
To guard the sleeping dead.

For when the morning sea-breeze waves his
hair,
The morning sunshine wakens from the
stone

The music of his hidden leafy lair,
Half pæan and half moan.

'Tis here Saint Aspinquid in silence sleeps,
His grave unhonored, and its site unknown;
No drooping tree-form o'er his coffin weeps,
There is no sculptured stone.

But in the red man's heart his grave was laid,
And lined with softest down of grateful love,
And oft his name the timid Indian maid
Whispered her prayers above.

The patron he of wigwam or of hunt,
Of fishing raids by torch-light in the stream,
The guide of travelers in the forest strayed,
Out to the sunset gleam.

No maize might ripen if, he blessed it not,
No birch be safely launched upon the tide;
His presence blessed the youthful warrior's cot,
And crowned his dusky bride.

The children learned the name of Aspinquid
Ere dove or eagle could their lisps frame;
The sacred fires within their coverts hid
Were kindled in his name.

The old men gave him burial, in their tales,
With hecatomb, the choicest in their store,
The wolves and panthers of the hills and vales,
A thousand beasts and more.

But ask the Indian what his patron did,
Or where his earthly life he lived so well,
What coronal of deeds adorned his head,
And that he could not tell.
But only, Agamenticus his dust,
And air his spirit, in their keeping had:
And all was prosperous where he deigned to
come;
Without him all was bad.

Poor scattered race! like leaves before the blast,
At Autumn scudding o'er the western plain,
Their dying struggle fiercest because last,
Their life one present pain.

How pale, how faint, their legendary lore;
How little history do their stories prove:
Yet here they touch the key-stone of life's arch,
The deathless might of love.

Oh! many a saint is cloistered in the heart,
And every homestead hath its sacred shrine;
Our memory carves their monuments apart,
Love gilding every line.

We pour the choicest treasures of our store,
Our songs, our dreams, to reach them through
the air;

Their names are inspiration to our lives,
And sacred as a prayer.

And yet no mighty acts of public fame,
No grand achievement wreathes around
their brow

Its laurel circlet, or inscribes their names
Where the world's pilgrims bow;

But only fireside offices, and words
Of kind encouragement and loving guile,
And helpful hands that lifted heavy loads,
And carried them awhile.

These are the saints, and these their storied
deeds,

Which find their immortality with men.
Their memory comes to succor human needs;
They visit earth again,

Not on the glowing canvas, or in strains
Of music, not in poetry and art,
But in the ruddy evening flame, which burns
Forever in the heart.

And so I sit where York's slow river flows
Between its sedgy borders to the sea;

I watch the lazy breakers that the tides
Send ever up to me;

I muse upon York's civic glories gone,
I ponder on the rhymes which mark her dead,
I look from sunset's glory in the west, *
To glory overhead.

I learn the breezy music of the elms,
I catch their echo from the mountains' brow;
And as the centuries their voices blend,

Then sink to silence now,
I feel, though ages still may come and go,
And write their epitaphs our names above,
The only immortality our hearts can know
Is God's best gift of love.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



SEVEN or eight generations ago, a hurrying ship, pressing through the turbid waters that separate England from France, bore a company of Huguenot refugees, forced, disappointed, and despairing, to flee from the home that had become to them a place of persecution.

From the time when the slow-marching German-born Reformation swept over the frontiers of France, on through years of growth, of toleration, of strife, and persecution, the battle had raged with greater or less intensity. And this struggle went on until the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes

brought defeat to the Protestant party, and threatened it with destruction only to be avoided by flight.

It was a brave army that had battled all adown the years. It was bannered with conviction, armored with endurance, charged with all fiery vital forces of rebellion against spiritual bondage. It was always ready for defense, and when defense seemed useless, ready for fierce aggression. It had known periods of hope; it had seen partial and short-lived triumphs. It had learned to dread the treachery of masked hatred and veiled superstition stealing in the wake of

every victory. It had known at different periods the help of women, like the brave Marguerite of Valois and the sweet Jeanne of Navarre. It had learned, too, what hinderance could come from women, like the Medici mothers and Madame de Maintenon. Equally disastrous had proved the open malice of the great Marie and the forced protection of the greater Catherine. Its resistance had known such leaders as the Bourbon Condé; its councils such advisers as the Admiral Coligny and the minister Sully; and, from time to time, it had rallied to grand achievement under the influence of brave souls willing to die for the faith. In the progress of the cause its adherents counted sufferings manifold. Their marriages were declared null; their baptisms forcibly repeated by the Romish Church; their children taken from home and thrust into convents; their estates were confiscated, and their preachers put to death or driven to secret worship in the passes of the Cevennes. They suffered all this and more. They were banished; they were burned as heretics; they were victims of cruel royal edicts, and of the persecutions of the Holy League. They were protected only long enough to feel hope revive and to add sorrow to each new disappointment. They endured the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day, and, at the last, under the combined influence of a Maintenon and a Richelieu, there fell upon them the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. What marvel that the valleys of Switzerland opened amid sheltering hills for them; that the Netherland cities welcomed them; that England spread wide her arms over the waters toward them; that by thousands and tens of thousands they fled!

Who these fugitives were we do not know, save as trace of them is left all over the continent of Europe. What they were was the product of generations of mental and spiritual being, such as hardly find a parallel in any other two centuries of history. Characters of sturdy stuff must have fallen as an inheritance on those who made the group that watched the receding shores of France from the deck of that ship two hundred years ago. Qualities worth importing must have

been brought into the heart of England by those of her passengers who found their home in the city of Norwich, lying walled and river-bounded a hundred miles from London town.

Among these passengers was David Martineau and a family in which he found a bride. Little we know of them except that they were of the number who preferred exile to renunciation of their faith; and that they became the founders in England of a family whose generations have proved their birth-right to sterling nobility of character.

From this first Martineau, David, the line runs straight and pure through succeeding generations. Several of the race were men eminent in the provincial medical world, and all were characterized by minds of high culture united to moral excellence. In this succession we come speedily to Thomas Martineau,—not a surgeon himself, though the son and father of surgeons. He was a manufacturer of the Norwich bombazines, crapes, damasks, and camlets, introduced doubtless with other manufactures into the old English town by the four thousand Flemings who came over from Flanders in the days of good Queen Bess. Doubtless he gave good stuffs to the market and made a comfortable home for his wife and eight children, the sixth of whom was Harriet, the subject of this sketch.

In the brief autobiographical account,—written by herself twenty years before her death, committed to the London *Daily News*, and published on the day she was buried,—she alludes to her early life at home as one in which habits of physical and mental activity were inculcated.

Uncertainty concerning the parental provision for the future gave to the practical value of education its true position in the minds of the growing Martineaus. The life work of both Harriet and her brother James reveals the thoroughness of the training of these early years.

The autobiographic sketch, alluded to above, just, even to severity in its judgment of herself, surprises the reader by announcing the author's lack of imagination. Her works may evince the lack, but it is hard to

believe she did not have, to a certain extent, an imaginative girlhood. The old town itself, with its ancient, half-ruined walls, and winding river, "spanned by bridges ten," must have been full of romantic interest to the mind of an intelligent child. Its queer market-place, where the country people gathered and the fairs were held; its dim fifteenth century churches, its old Norman cathedral, and the ruins of St. Ethelbert's gate; its libraries filled with dusty volumes,—must all have had their charm. Then, better than all, there was the Castle, with its history running back to the days when the Anglican kings used it to protect themselves from Danish invasion, and which, in the Roman era, was a refuge for all the people from the country round about. To Harriet's fancy, as she dreamed in her sunset walks, helmeted warriors must many a time have pranced over the fifty yards of bridge that spanned the wide moat. The twenty acres of court and hall, and the old keep, now used for prisons, afforded space enough for mental pictures of council and banquet and "knights and ladies fair."

The picturesque old town certainly was not wanting in stimulant for the imagination of a silent, studious girl, from whom girlhood's chief delights were early shut out by defective hearing. We like to pause at this period and, exercising the faculty she disclaimed, fancy she, like other girls, dreamed dreams over whatever she found in her way. The picture of the old home as it rises before us suggests a picture of the girlhood as we would have had it rather than as it was. A different vision must come to the favored few who sat often at the table, or watched from the little porch at Ambleside the evening light die from the mountain and the lake. To them the aged face benign and genial under her ruffled cap, suggested no dreaming girl, but a young woman, brave and strong and resolute; sharing with the mother the household cares, growing with the brothers in the learning of books, aiding the embarrassed father by teaching music, and keeping alive to the latest her failing sense of hearing, on which, perhaps, her future must depend.

I should like to know what were her emotions when she realized that music must fail her as a support, and to see how she bore the crisis period, before she awoke to the consciousness of another and a new resource. I wonder if no half-opened vision of possibilities swept across her soul, quickened as it must have been in those days. Whatever foreshadowing came, she could hardly have seen a career before her that should make her the greatest, or at least the most remarkable, English woman of her time. She did not discern the future political economist, the critic, the novelist, the historian, the biographer, the expounder of philosophies and religions, the essayist and the poet. Yet, as life moved on, long before the sun went down at Ambleside upon her threescore years and ten, she could justly claim from the world its tribute to every one of the foregoing names. The eminence she attained in several fields disarmed criticism in others.

The little volume of hymns, published in 1826, would never have ranked her among the *Edinburgh Review's* "Lake School of Poets," had her home been among them at that time. The definition of Lake Poets was those who "sought a residence among the Cumberland and Westmoreland Lakes, that the ministry of nature, rather than the works of predecessors, might be their inspiration." In one sense it would apply as well to Harriet Martineau as to Southey or Wordsworth, or Hartley Coleridge or Arnold. Her fondness for nature was real and simple and sweet. Not the so-called "Poet of Rydal's Mount" loved more than she the mornings as they broke over its slopes or the evening shadows settling about its head. The poet's enjoyment of out-of-door life, in detail as well as in subtlest combinations and grand effects, was hers also. Her flowers, her bees, her garden, her pets, all sweet and small things, in nature, met open eyes and appreciative heart. She must have known full often a true poet's delight, though it rarely, if ever, found poetic expression.

Of her talent as an historian, the "History of the Thirty Years' Peace" is abundant proof, and of her power as a novelist, "Deer-

brook" and "The Hour and the Man" furnish a fair illustration. The tales, illustrating political economy, fail sometimes to indicate true narrative genius, but they reveal the reformer, the philanthropist in the woman devoted to the elevation of the working-classes, and the best interests of the poor. The diversity of objects of benevolent effort and the wide range of her sympathies are realized when we consider the labor bestowed upon the tales illustrating taxes and poor laws, and the condition of soldiers and servants. No class was too low to labor for with a zeal that never seemed to weary.

The mother-heart in the woman shows in her books for the young, like "The Crofton Boys," and "The Children Who Lived by the Jordan," and the traveler's descriptive power in "Life in the East" and "Retrospect of Western Travel." In her biographical sketches of contemporaries she shows a justice and a discriminating generosity rarely seen. Of all the lives her pen has touched her own has received at her hand least of the latter and most of the former quality.

Her power as an essayist is abundantly attested by the fact that the British and Foreign Unitarian Society awarded her all three of the prizes offered for essays on Catholicism, Mohammedanism, and Judaism. The translator appears in Comte, and the philosopher in the "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development," which brought the criticism of the entire English press upon her. Among the severest of her critics was numbered her brother, the distinguished Unitarian preacher, one of the loftiest of living teachers of morals. His fine scholarly and critical ability, his thorough knowledge of the subtleties of German philosophy and theology, his masterly grasp of thought, and his analytical power, made his a pen to be dreaded, especially when it was dipped into the agitated well of family pride and disturbed affection.

An analysis of Miss Martineau's fifty years of work, of the character that work revealed, and its influence on the three generations in which she wrought, would require space of a small volume. In the rush and hurry of our lives we have not time even

to read carelessly a moiety of her one hundred and three volumes, not one of which bears the mark of having been carelessly written. Many of them have done their work, and their voices are as silent as her own. Much of her best thought is in ungathered contributions to English quarterlies and monthlies of England. Leaving untouched all the forgotten and all the scattered work, the most one can do is to take a general survey of the remainder, trusting to find therein the true significance of such a life to the century it enriched.

Whatever relative and comparative value the life may have had, it can never be doubted that she gave her age *her* best. Never satisfied with any completed achievement, her "best" was only a step on which she mounted to a higher plane, where with wider horizon and clearer vision she gained a new inspiration. Yet, she worked as if no vistas opened before her, giving her whole strength to the one task just at hand.

After her loss of property there was daily bread to be won; small tasks to be wrought; little burdens to be borne for those she loved, and she did all in the true spirit of womanly endeavor that does the thing nearest in the sweetest possible way, little dreaming what may follow in its wake.

The little book of "Devotional Exercises for the Young," that appeared in her twenty-first year, revealed the religious impressions received in the early home. It is thoroughly Unitarian in sentiment, and valuable at present only as suggesting the starting-point of a religious faith that thenceforth became a tourist into all regions of thought. It journeyed, she confidently asserted, ever nearer true and abiding rest, though many of her dearest friends believed her ever moving further away from it. To this book, with many of the other early works, she gave no prominence in her own mind, and evidently did not care to see them retain a place in the minds of others. Her first books were regarded by her as the garments of her mental childhood; now outgrown and cast aside, or left lying about for smaller folk. Of ten works, comprising nearly twenty volumes, published before she

was thirty years of age, she only mentions one, "The Traditions of Palestine," as worthy of recollection; and this, doubtless, less for the part her own genius had in it than because her patient industry made it the receptacle of much valuable information. Notwithstanding she ignored it, there is about much of this early work, especially that written for the young, a fresh sweetness and charm, partly lost when life grew more earnest and she realized her mission as a teacher of mankind. Then her writings became slightly assertive of her right to instruct, and her expectation that others should sit quietly and be taught. She never grew dogmatic, but was sometimes unreceptive and irresponsible. She had much to give. Her capacity for bestowment was so great that she ministered without allowing other minds to minister to her. She knew, to the full, the blessedness of giving, and bestowed every thing but the joy of giving something back to her. She loved the world, but did not seem to need its love again. Mental truth did not unfold to her through the sympathies. It lay in quarries to be delved out with sturdy blows and shock of determined industry. Each block as she lifted it to the light she polished and showed to the world, which, admiring the beauty, sometimes felt and sometimes forgot the hardness. The cold, judicial severity with which she views her own life-work illustrates her method of dealing with others. Facts were every thing to her, and her unswerving courage and sincerity never permitted them to be modified or hidden. No personal vanity ever would have tempted her to wear any "garment of praise," however cheerfully the world accorded it, if it were not indeed her own. She dealt with realities justly and calmly, but her genius was not of the sort under which things glow and pulsate and live. The dominant characteristic of her mind was an unconquerable, old-fashioned purpose to be of use, to benefit and elevate her race.

This purpose took definite shape in all that twenty years of labor between 1833, when her politico-economic work began, and 1853, when she wrote her own obituary, believing her work of every kind to be nearly

at an end. During these years she had more influence on public opinion than almost any other English writer, certainly more than any other English woman. Her great work of the year, the one on which she built her reputation, included thirty-seven volumes, of which twenty-five were illustrative of political economy, five illustrated the then existing laws of taxation, and four the poor laws. To all these may be added the three volumes of "Forest and Game Law Tales," written after the years of invalidism that resulted in one of the most delightful of her books called the "Life in the Sick-room."

In order to understand fully the significance of the work accomplished in these *livres d'occasion*, we should recall the agitated condition of England at the time when they were written. She modestly states that she felt "their information was needed by the poor, to say nothing of others who might be interested in the great reform struggle." For forty years the agitation had been felt that led ultimately to the changes in Parliamentary representation. These brought in their train changes for the Irish Church, for the interests of education, and for the sufferers from taxation and the poor laws. Such a struggle must have been very carefully watched and intelligently comprehended in homes like that of the Martineaus at Norwich. For nearly half the forty years Harriet must herself have followed the struggle through all its phases, and she knew well its bearing upon the ultimate welfare of the country. With her practical masculine brain she saw, as the people did not, where they were involved, and with her warm womanly heart she felt their ignorance and need. She desired to teach them rationally to comprehend, that they might know how to avoid, to amend, or to withstand. When the horrors of the French Revolution suddenly turned back the tide of liberalism, that had gained strength by many tributaries, she was already old enough and wise enough to see the result of damming up the swollen stream. The Revolution of 1830 in France and Belgium showed how this stream, checked for a time,

had spread over the whole land till it was a moral marsh where the ooze of popular discontent stood in stagnant pools ready to breed a pestilential death. Then, watching with the people and for the people, Miss Martineau saw how vainly and eagerly they looked for remedy for all their wrongs in a readjustment of the elective franchise, realized how vague was their idea of the nation's real need, and how inadequate their conception of the real supply.

When the tide of dissatisfaction and revolt swelled high on the death of George IV and the accession of William IV, alarm became continuous and open riot imminent. Then a woman's hand was laid at the "hot pulses of the people's heart," measuring their weakness and necessity, till she seized the pen, believing in her power to set them right where they were wrong, to calm revolt, to sober expectation, and to show them the true limit and meaning of their rights and their power.

This must have been her time of enthusiasm if ever she had one, and this purpose to bless was the noblest source of her inspiration. From the stand-point of comprehension of the real conditions she tried to meet, we must judge her work in order to estimate its share in bringing about desired issues. Otherwise, the books seem simply dull tales of a generation gone, which have served their purpose, but which nobody cares now to read, and about which we are very ready to accept the author's own statement when she says "there is no merit of a high order in this work." She says "the artistic aim and qualifications were absent. She had no power of construction, nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor the critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can ever hope to live."

All this, though too severe for any one but herself to have said, was, in a degree, true. Their *raison d'être* lay in the people's necessity for the knowledge of principles that affected the nation only because they affected the individual. In order to put these principles before them in a manner they could comprehend, her intuitions taught her she must show their bearing upon the very

classes she designed to reach. Lord Brougham was right, when he said, "a deaf girl from Norwich was working a better work for the country than any man." Its value lay less in the novelty of the then original idea of illustrating great principles by narrative than in the fact that they met the popular need. The "Manchester Strikes," though written when she did not know a Manchester employer or employé, doubtless did more than many a pamphlet on political economy, to enlighten Manchester operatives on the question of demand and supply that underlies the question of work and wages.

These works are not to be considered as an achievement in fiction, but as an effort in the cause of philanthropy and education. As purely literary and artistic productions it is to be feared they would never have obtained such immense popularity nor found such a welcome. Works bestowing the same labor on subjects of less immediate importance would have found it difficult, as did these, to secure a publisher, and would doubtless have proved a loss to him in the end. But these met the need, they came at the right time. The reluctant and timid publishers were overwhelmed with orders. The poor and the humble were instructed and cheered; the great hastened for once to do homage to the defender of the lowly; the rich *fêted* the "deaf woman from Norwich," who worked for the poor; and every noble cause for the advancement of the race claimed her as a new ally, and sought to enlist her pen in its behalf.

Had she been an ambitious woman, life must have had, at this period, many a glow of delight; for she had no lack of flatterers and followers. There were not wanting, indeed, some who jealously declared that to Lord Brougham belonged the credit of her work. Such must have confounded her faculty for presenting in comprehensible and attractive form a very little political economy with profound knowledge of the subject. She only embodied doctrines and principles now universally accepted, at a period when these principles were almost unrecognized as a practical power in English politics. She handled the existing laws as a child

treats her doll whose China head is cracked and ready to break; whose plethoric bristled body comes to nothing when the first hole is made in it, and whose weak, flimsy legs yield it no support. She did not *make* the doll, but she knew its weak places and *showed* them first, and mended and dressed and petted and made the best of it afterward. Her mind was clear if not creative, and her delight was to so popularize their reasonings and conclusions that the wisdom of the few might be brought to the level of the many. So she wrote for operatives in manufactories, for colliers in the mines, for servants in the kitchens, for paupers in the work-house, for poachers in the forests, for slaves in the colonies, and for prisoners in the jails. And she wrote for them in a double sense, inasmuch as she sought to stir in their behalf the controlling classes to an enlightened sense of responsibility,—as well as to teach the laborer wherein lay his power to help himself. Her life seemed to have been claimed by the unhappy, and while we do not agree with Hartley Coleridge, who said playfully, that “she was a monomaniac about *every thing*,” yet she certainly had a blessed mania for being of use.

Hardly were the “Illustrations” finished than her “Letter to the Deaf” appeared, full of healthful, wholesome sentiment; and after this more books for the young. Then, leaving the delightful London life, into which she had been brought by the emergencies of her work, she went to America, with the avowed purpose to study in this country whatever could be made of use in the treatment of criminals, of the insane, and other unfortunate classes. As a product of this visit we have “Society in America,” and “Retrospect of American Travel.” The latter, published latest, is most easily and gracefully written, and aims to give only surface impressions of country and people. The very lack of purpose was one element of its agreeableness. When recounting personal experiences, she seems to dwell chiefly on that which is pleasant to recall, partly because it was true that she found much that was friendly to remember, and partly from the blessed faculty she possessed

of finding the pleasant under the outwardly disagreeable. The other book, in which she enters fully into every thing pertaining to our social, political, and moral condition, dwells also specially on the hospitality and warmth of courtesy and even admiring affection that greeted her every-where at first. With great charity she passes over the insult and abuse and rudeness she experienced after her sympathies were fully known with the abolition question,—then just beginning to agitate the public mind. Such was the honest sincerity of her nature in any matter affecting human rights that there could be no mistaking her real attitude, but she does not occupy the reader with accounts of what her position entailed upon herself. Her biography may possibly give us a glimpse of her visit from a more personal stand-point. She spared no pains, however, in placing all our prominent questions before the English public, and, on many points, her book was the first real revelation of the state of things actually existing in “the land of the free and the home of the brave.” No previous traveler had taken such pains to see intelligently all parts of the country, and Miss Martineau’s remarkable clearness of perception, love of exactitude, and power of making others see what she saw herself, made her a rare limner of social and political conditions. She met all the leading minds of that day in the country; and it is not surprising that in her delineations we trace the influence of some of the enthusiastic theorists with whom she discussed all topics of interest.

Back again in London, we find her still laboring to uplift the poor and to minister to the humble. Could a lowlier or a nobler work be found than the writing of books for the Poor Law Commissioners to interest and instruct the children in the work-house schools in things that should enable them to earn an honest livelihood! Was it not work worthy of our Christian Unions or Ladies’ Christian Associations? And into the smallest page of it Harriet Martineau put a great deal of heart. There was so much of her real self in the life of “a maid of all work,” a house-maid, lady’s maid, or a dress-maker, that it was hard to believe that she had not

at some time been out to service. She laid no claim toward imagination, but she had the power of identifying herself with the character delineated that belongs only to the true artist. Hence it is that, reading on in a tale that runs rather stupidly as regards plot and incident, we come upon children who are hungry and sick, or mothers anguished over some weary struggle with poverty and sin, and wince as if the suffering were under our very eye, so that we saw its very pallor and heard its moan.

Into this busy life Continental travel came as the next change, and, in the midst of its delights, when she was thirty-seven years old, she was overtaken by sickness. Suffering and worn, she turned her face away from the wonders and charms of Venice, and sought a quiet retreat on the Northumberland Coast, where she could easily bring about her the members of her own family and the friends she loved the best. Here, she dropped her tasks and lay down to await the end of all this hurrying brain and heart work that had filled her busy years. It was full five years before she came forth to the world again, but we are not to suppose them to have been years of idleness. On the contrary, it was a time of beautiful living and loving and serving. As a product of its industry we have the "Life in the Sick Room," of whose precious comforting thoughts too much can not be said. She wrote, then, also the "Hour and the Man," and better than either, volume after volume for the children. Through all her life this mother-love for the little ones inspired her to do for them a tender work such as one might have expected from a doting grand-mamma or a favorite auntie. This was work that brought her a rich harvest of affection, and many a tribute of the love of the young for her came to cheer her as she moved gently down the years.

Out of this illness she believed she came by the help of mesmerism, and she made frank and full avowal of what she considered to have been the secret of her recovery. This avowal was perhaps the only work of her life, unless we except the latest, that did not fall upon a happy time and for which

the world was not ready. She writes, about it, ten years later, with a quiet and half-amused coolness, that does not reveal the violence of the storm that had raged as if it would uproot her and her new theories together. She remarks that "as a penalty for not dying when it was expected of her, it was, to say the least, a curious sign of the times."

For a woman who could say so much, she must have possessed a remarkable power of keeping still. England had not progressed to the point where it could rejoice in her cure and tolerate her delusion, but forgetting her previous claims to consideration, attacked her as fiercely as if she had been wicked or a lunatic. One writer on this point says, that, so different is the state of things at the present day, that if one announces that he "carries a little demon in his pocket when he is ill that pinches him till he gets well," his friends would perhaps ask, "in which pocket he usually carried it?" but he could keep his demon and his theory undisturbed.

It was after this episode of recovery, for which England ought to have been too grateful to care for the process, that she began to long and to plan for a home. Now came the time when the American tourist—streaming up the lake, enjoying the charming scenery while the whirl of a bagpipe tortured the pennies out of his pocket—read his "Guide to the Lakes" with more interest because it was written by Harriet Martineau. Many travel far only to look at the cottage at Ambleside, and others whose pilgrim wallets bear a letter of introduction get more than a glimpse of porch and lawn, even the privilege of passing compliments and courtesies through her ear-trumpet; hearing the cheery voice and seeing the genial face of the owner of the "two-acre farm."

A home should be an expression of the individuality of its mistress. It should be the sweetest place which by use of all her taste and resources it can be made. But to few women is it possible to create, because few choose their homes. They are born to them, they inherit them, or they marry into them. And, when they do choose, it is more frequently for husband or children,

or somebody rather than themselves. But here was a woman who chose for herself, and made her home whatever it was. We may reasonably suppose that she made it what she liked it to be, and that it indicated as clearly as her books certain phases of her real character. The house certainly abounded in good, old-fashioned English comfort, and discarded useless show. Its apartments indicated the owner's sterling sense and knowledge of the fitness of things. It sacrificed no comfort to prettiness, and nothing was too fine for use. The gifts of friends were prominent, though sometimes out of harmony with the general arrangement or with herself. She loved books, and used them; pictures, and kept them in sight; and flowers, and was rarely without their fragrance. She had warm welcome for real regard, though it came from over the sea and presented itself at her gate in Boston "water-proof," soft hat, or boots with pointed toes. But there was that in the keen penetration of the eye that kept curiosity beyond the length of the tube of her ear-trumpet. To many strangers, the knolls at Ambleside was a sort of shrine, that held an aged saint to whom they gladly made pilgrimage. To friends it was a home, presided over by as genial, cordial, and as sweet an old lady as ever petted children, knit a stocking or poured a cup of tea. Here the great of the country came to talk to her of its profoundest interests. Here the young struggler for a place and a name, just sat down and "told her all about it." Hither the common people came with their pathetic stories of life as it is among the poor. Here little children frolicked about the garden unrestrained, while their mothers were taking the comfort of a chat within doors. The laboring classes felt her influence, and she gathered together the mechanics and their families from the town every Winter for friendly lectures on subjects calculated to help them in their daily life. She showed them how to make small means produce large income of comfort and content; how to care for children and to nurse the sick; how properly to make their clothing, how to buy and dress food in healthful economical

ways, and how to make the most of their little bits of land. On all these subjects they were glad of the counsels of the aged women, whom they respected and trusted as a friend.

To the culture of her own little farm she gave personal attention, and in it took personal delight, utilizing, as far as possible for example's sake, all advanced and scientific knowledge that could be illustrated in a "two-acre farm." Nothing was too insignificant to be done in the best possible manner, and thoroughness entered into every task, however small.

After her death, the little *carte de visite* for sale at the Ambleside Post-office was bought by the people of the surrounding country, till nearly every home far and near must have held her pictured face. The people were ready with many incidents of her loving kindness. She had helped one to nurse a sick child; she had paid another money for a cow that had died; she had confided to another, whose garden plot was small, the secret of abundant crops. The old post-master said, in allusion to the quickened and tender feeling for her in the hearts of the people, "Why, sir, she just begins to live!"

She speaks of her first decade at Ambleside as "ten healthy, happy years, worth all the rest of her life." They may have seemed the best, for to her they were years of fruitage and of harvest, but, had the world inclosed in parenthesis any one ten years of her life, it would hardly have chosen this time. Yet, then, she experienced the blessed content that comes with the consciousness of having occupied the right place and accomplished the most fitting work. That consciousness comes to few women, and is a treasure beyond price. To many doubtless comes the vague sense of power to do something. A conscientious sense of responsibility is the heritage of womanhood in general. Unfortunately the discernment that fairly estimates capacity, the industry that cultivates, and the executive force that applies, are so frequently dormant as to make the common heritage a weary sense of loss and waste and failure, instead of the health-

ful delight of fulfillment. But here, at least, was one woman who had not mistaken her calling; who had not made books when she should have made butter, or butter when she should have made books.

To her contentment with her own career are due partly the characteristics that certain writers have designated as defects in her mental and social constitution. She stood alone in a self-contained and self-dependent fashion of her own, that never seemed to recognize in herself the possibility of leaning or being led. She was not an egotist in any offensive sense, nor was she masculine, but she was self-poised and self-reliant. She was tender to inferiors, just to equals, but, if she recognized superiors she did not give their vanity the pleasure of acknowledgment. She had a faculty of spirit which may be likened to the physical instinct in cripples that teaches sound limbs double uses till one performs service for two, and so the bodily force is still equal to life's demands. It was a kind of spiritual strategy used when one thing failed that made her always able to "*do without*," and to work as well after a loss as before it. It was the old story over again of Paganini's viol with its broken strings. The springs of her energy seemed unailing. Poverty came in her youth, and her work went forward; deafness came, and still, only in another channel, the music of her life flowed on; disappointment came and sickness came, and still the music flowed; loss of friends by death, and sometimes loss of friends in life, and still her work continued. She never surrendered, but grew more and more heroic as the need was greater.

In all her varied work she was careful neither to do nor to permit any thing to interfere with her freedom of expression. The pensions repeatedly offered by Lord Melbourne were respectfully but invariably declined. Perhaps had they not been, she would hardly have felt free to begin in 1848 her "*History of the Thirty Years' Peace*," a work undertaken at the request of Mr. Knight, the author and publisher, who devoted so much of his life to illustrated popular literature in England. It is still the

very best history of the period that is furnished for the use of the young, and is sure to live as containing the briefest and best annals of the time. Yet, its author claims for it no elements of permanence, and ranks it very properly among auxiliary works, because the character of the history forbade any thing beyond the amassing and arranging of facts for future historians. She was satisfied with having done this well, and did not hope for her history any long and distinct existence. Unless some one should make use of it, however, in preparing a better, it will do good service for many years to come.

There was that in Miss Martineau's mental constitution that, while it did not invite solitude, was quite able to bear isolation if it came. She had unusual consciousness of the clearness of her own views, and remarkable power of formulating them so that other minds should not fail of her meaning. She held tenaciously to her own opinions, not permitting friendships, loves, or enmities to change her when once these opinions became convictions. And if this was true of minor and outward experiences, it was equally true of the soul that, as years passed on, indicated the direction of its progress by the promulgation of ideas opposed to those of many of her friends. The advance she had made from the Unitarianism in which she was reared announced itself in the work issued just previous to the History above mentioned, after her return from her extended travel in the East. During this journey she made the desert trip to Petra, and thence to Damascus. Then fewer travelers than now climbed the Pyramids, sauntered in the streets of Jerusalem, bathed in the Jordan, or rowed on the Galilean Sea. Miss Martineau went as a student of people and places. Her previous knowledge of Oriental races and faiths must have added greatly to her interest and delight. The product of this trip was the "*Eastern Life, Past and Present*," that revealed to her contemporaries how far she had moved away from the faith in which she had been reared.

In this book she traced to what she considered their sources the four great faiths,—

the Egyptian, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, and the Christian,—and clearly avowed that in none of them did she find what to her mind was a revelation from God. But while she adopted in theory a latitude so wide that it ignored the claims of *all* faiths, she yet never abandoned the practice of all so-called Christian virtues. She rejoiced more over the popularity of her works on "Household Education," in which Christian teaching is pronounced, than in her translation of "Comte's Philosophy," or her "Exposition of Four Great Religions." To do good, and all the more sweetly if the need was great and the recipient humble, was the expression of her heart's life, whatever may have been the name by which she called the motive power that made her action Christ-like. She spent two years over her own autobiography, even going so far as to have it printed and the engravings made, that her executors might not be burdened with the responsibility of issuing its extreme views.

Thoughtfulness for others was visible always, and was consistent with the high courage that preferred to meet fearlessly and alone whatever the expression of her views might entail upon her. When this book is issued we shall doubtless know, as we can not fully now, what were her faith and philosophy. If we are to judge from the spirit of most of her work we must surely rank her among noble Christian women of her day. She herself says that "the cast of her mind was religious all through life, and that she considered her latest views the most truly religious of all." That the meaning of the term as applied to her later life differed from its early significance is quite evident. In this autobiography will doubtless be found the processes by which she arrived at the results already known in her spiritual life, and until that is in our hands it would be premature to enter into any discussion of what is at present so dimly shadowed forth.

No one could insist more strongly than did she in her earlier works on the necessity of a study of the Scriptures as a rule of life, and the still more imperative necessity for prayer and faith in God and entire obedience

to his law. In every way she sought to impress the soul's need of vital communion with the Father, and advised the closest following in the footsteps of the Son. It is difficult to believe that any intellectual change in her apprehension of God ever undermined her allegiance and sense of responsibility to him. She may call herself by any name or no name at all, her inculcation by example and precept of the truths of Christian teaching can not be forgotten. The forthcoming book will be eagerly read, and will doubtless reveal her inner and ideal life at its best. Whatever it gives we may rely upon its being the exact truth as she apprehended it, uttered with the absolute and lofty courage that, next to hard work, was the prominent characteristic of her life.

That she well knew what comment and criticism awaited her story is apparent in the precautions taken to spare those who should come after her any sharing of the responsibility. She had had already her experience when she made the translation of the works of Auguste Comte, and joined Mr. Lewes in creating adherents to a positivist school in England, if not chiefly instrumental in founding it. This translation must have been a work in which her soul delighted, for it was one that called for all her strong practical ingenuity. To translate into her native tongue, and then to abridge and condense until it she had the essence of Comte's six volumes in two, was of itself a pretty piece of workmanship, showing rapid comprehension of the spirit of the work and power to embody it in more compact form.

She adopted the theories of the little master of mathematics in the Polytechnic school of Paris, whom Mr. Lewes considered the modern Bacon, with his peculiar doctrines of the stages of intellectual growth, through which nations as well as individuals must pass. Tinctured as were these theories with the Nouveau Christianisme of St. Simon, she realized in their conclusions the natural results of the speculations of the great leader of the Simonites.

In the reproduction of these views and conclusions in form so clear, language so

concise, that the common intelligence could not fail to fathom her meaning, she found great delight. With what interest she must have wandered herself, and have drawn her readers after her, through Comte's logical period, designated as the one in which "the soul seeks for a supernatural cause for phenomena." This accomplished, she went on through the metaphysical period, during which the search for the supernatural is set aside, and the causes of phenomena are sought in the qualities inherent in things. Then she proceeds to the positive condition, in which the futility of both inquiries is realized; "search for causes and essences abandoned, and the mind restricts itself to observation and classification of phenomena, discovery of relations and similitudes and successions, and to the laws that these reveal." In this work she had no occasion for originality of thought. Indeed, she does not claim it for herself, but she had full exercise for her marvelous originality of treatment.

In bringing Comte within the reach of many minds she must have repeated the satisfaction experienced in popularizing existing views on Political Economy for those who, without such help, would never have comprehended them. In this particular field no one, not even Archbishop Whately, surpassed her in usefulness. She stood between the great and the small, and if she took from the great with any thing of sympathetic receptivity, it was because she had a truer sympathetic comprehension of those below, for whom whatever bread of life she could grasp must be broken before they could be fed. And she could collect and methodize and popularize and distribute with rare facility. She reached up with one hand and passed down with the other, with this difference that the hand that reached up to superiority for her portion grasped it with almost a manly sense of helping herself to that which was her own, while the hand that passed the truth on downward was tender as a mother's who feeds her ailing child.

We have no room to dwell upon her last work of any importance, namely, the "Correspondence with Mr. Atkinson," her guide,

philosopher, and friend in the path of what is termed Agnosticism.

These "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development" offer perhaps the clearest exposition we have of her philosophy of faith, and produced a profound sensation in religious and social circles. We can not do better than to state briefly what she herself says of their reception. She speaks of the fact that the entire periodical press condemned it, that it brought upon its writers the imputation of atheism, but that its "arguments were never once met or its main subject recognized." It had been supposed that the book would stop the authors' works, exclude them from society, and ruin them in the eyes of their friends. They found, on the contrary, that the "immense discussion of the subjects revealed a much larger proportion of repudiation of dogmatic theology in the country than they had supposed existed." The work found many sympathizers. The open avowal of her heretical opinions made all "true human relations sounder and destroyed all false ones;" and she adds that, "at no time of her life was she more occupied and more prosperous, more cheered by sympathy, or more thoroughly happy than after its publication." So to her it brought no shadow, and doubtless the long habit of considering her conclusions final might have aided in dispelling any creeping doubt.

It is not for us, if we had the wisdom, to analyze too closely the inward processes of which, after all, we know so little. What the brain wrought we may partially discover, but what mightier things stirred in her soul we shall not know unless the coming book shall tell. Until its revelations are in our hands it becomes only those who having our faith can do a nobler work than this woman did without it to attempt to show the world where she was wrong. The time for that analysis has not come. That the joy and rest she must have dropped out of her years in dropping her faith in God's guidance she has already found garnered for her somewhere further on, is a thing we even dare to hope. Perhaps a hand from which she did not turn away offered them

again to her here before she went out into the dark, an unseen, loving hand, "with nail-prints in the palm."

From Ambleside, that Summer morning, went away a woman of industry most remarkable, of love for progress and freedom and interest in her fellow beings most unusual. She possessed qualities that would have distinguished her in almost any career. She had not genius, but talent, united to patient endeavor. She could not do the greatest things, but she did far better than to do great things badly,—she did smaller things well. And nothing was too small to do if only it helped a human soul or body ever so little. Her aggregated little forces made a mighty army against ignorance in the day when education was putting forth her modest claim; against oppression when slavery in America or the colonies had not begun to hang its head or hide its face in shame; against wrong every-where, and were ever in earnest conflict for what she saw to be right. So she did her work in the world, and in old age made herself happy and useful still, among very simple people and in very simple ways.

Of her deepest heart-sorrows and her profoundest joys she is silent except on rare occasions. It is not easy to believe that she lived without having been once stirred to mighty emotions of love or faith or joy. We can not help believing the woman she was in the innermost hiding-places of her soul will shine forth, transfigured with a

beauty yet to be revealed; and that the sealed ears were opened by the touch of one she recognized, and owned with Mary's cry of "My Lord and my God."

Loving the lake country as she did, holding with tender tenacity to the home she had planned and the little field whose every small seed-time and harvest were full of interest to her, one would have thought she would have been glad to sleep her last sleep under the shadow of Rydal's Mount and within sound of the lap of the waters of Ambleside. But her mother lay in the old cemetery at Birmingham. There too were buried her brother and his wife and the niece she had loved, and whose presence had for years been a part of her own home life.

The old cemetery is not even in the upper city that has climbed into something of cleanliness and sunlight in struggling up the hills, and away from the sluggish flow of the Rea and the Tame; but it lies where the smoke of a thousand forges is scarcely broken by the sunlight, and where the dust of furnaces and noise of machinery fill the air as it drifts heavily over the stillness of the graves. Little enough to her is all this that seems unfitting in her place of rest. Doubtless it is much to many among the throng of busy workers, surging ever to and fro in the great labor-blackened city, that the woman who comprehended alike the dignity of work and the weariness of the worker should rest within the sound of the throbbing pulses of both.

AT SUNSET.

I SAW the clouds at sunset rest,
A crown, upon the misty hills
Of those blue islands of the West,
And liquid gold in trickling rills,
Dropped down and spread upon the sea
That shone betwixt the sun and me.

I heard the music of the deep
Around the shores—the land was still—
Roll inward o'er the valleys' sleep,

And faintly break on wood and hill,
Unbroken by the silent lea
That stretched betwixt the waves and me.

I thought—what could I else?—of rest;

Of which we mortals vaguely deem
The golden city of the Blest

A fact, and not a glorious dream.
How much of sun and cloud and sea,
Must pass betwixt that land and me?

THAT BOY: WHO SHALL HAVE HIM?

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CHAPTER XII.—WANTED: AN HEIR.

THE only other member of the Goodsmith family was Snooks, a small grisly-gray terrier, whose importance in the household was in the inverse ratio to the number of other people in it. Before the advent of the boy Snooks had been the prime favorite, petted and spoiled to the last degree. He had a soft pillow for a bed in a warm corner by the kitchen fire; he was fed not on the crumbs which fell from the table, but if he happened to be troubled with a want of appetite, as was frequently the case, Aunt Charity would make him a nice bit of milk toast or broil him the leg of a chicken, and serve it to him warm, with plenty of butter. His wants and even his tempers were matters of importance in the house. Nothing was permitted to infringe upon his rights. If Goody Zach came in from work to rest himself, and found Snooks curled up in his own particular rocking-chair, the man waived his claim to it in favor of the dog; a kind of treatment which developed in him an enormous sense of his canine importance.

It must be admitted that Snooks was a most remarkable dog, and amply paid for his board and lodging by the exercise he afforded to the care and attention of his old master and mistress. Being so much in human society he became very sympathetic with human thoughts and troubles. If Goody had a touch of the "rheumatiz," Snooks would hop around the house on three legs behind him, and when he sat down with a scowl of pain the dog would look up pitifully in his face, as much as to say, "I know all about it." If Aunt Charity were out of temper he would sulk too, refuse his food, lie on his cushion and growl to himself, but the moment her face showed signs of returning good-humor he would jump up into her lap and kiss her, saying as plainly as dog could say it: "Poor dear old lady! this is a world of trouble for dogs and women, isn't it?"

In his political opinions the dog agreed

with his master. Sometimes, in exciting presidential campaigns, a neighbor with "protection" proclivities would drop in for a chat with Zachariah, who was an ardent free-trader. As the debate grew warm Snooks would rise from his cushion, walk forward most impressively and take his place beside his master's chair, where he would stand and look daggers at "the opposition." When the man rose to go Snooks would follow him to the door with a severe expression of countenance, and when it shut behind him he would give a low mutter of contempt, and then return to his master's side to be patted on the head and congratulated on the success of their argument.

In his morals Snooks was irreproachable. He was never known to commit a robbery or even a theft, on account of which he was regarded as a very saint among dogs; and being so much commended for his virtues he became, as very good dogs as well as other people are apt to, a trifle vainglorious and conceited. It is true he had no temptations in the way of poverty, bad company, and the like, on account of which many dogs, better by nature than he, have gone so far astray as to be scolded, whipped, and even hanged. If he had not been supplied with every thing which a dog could possibly want, he might not have been such a marvel of moral excellence. Still he was a dog of great quickness in observing moral distinctions, as would appear from the following statement, for the truth of which Aunt Charity and Goody Zach, as also the author of this sketch, can personally vouch. It was the habit of his master to take up the newspaper in the evening and read aloud, during which reading Snooks would lie on his cushion without manifesting the slightest interest; but as soon as Goodey laid down the newspaper and took up the family Bible and began to read the evening lesson, Snooks would rise from his cushion, walk decorously to the side of his mistress,

jump up into her lap, and remain there in the attitude of close attention, *arrectis auribus*, till the reading and the prayer were ended. Sometimes the prayer was long, but he did not become uneasy or turn round to look at the clock as a low-bred dog might have done; but with steady politeness, and such patience as he was able to exercise, he waited till Goodey reached the Amen. Then, if the prayer had been *very* dull and long, he would relieve his feelings with a yawn which reached almost back to his shoulders, shut his jaws again with a little squeak, pass his right fore paw down over his forehead and nose by way of making his bow, give a slight sneeze for "good-night," and then walk off quietly to bed.

But even so excellent a dog had his failings. As he advanced in age and experience he became critical, exacting, impatient of contradiction. All this, however, was as nothing compared to the inveterate jealousy which the sight of little Johnny always roused within him. This was his first severe temptation, and, like a good many of his betters, his virtue broke down under it. The boy tried every way of making friends with him, but always without success. When he arrived at the farm Snooks would stare at him with an injured expression of countenance, refuse to be stroked or patted on the head by him, refuse food from his hand, and in every possible manner make known his profound disgust. At last, feeling that there was not room for two favorites in one house, he fell into the habit of leaving it when his tormentor appeared and not returning till he was gone away, by which course of conduct he rapidly lost influence and favor with his old master and mistress.

"Tut! tut! what sort of a dog are you?" said Goody one day as Snooks came in the back door shortly after Johnny had departed from the front. "A dog with such opportunities as you ought to be ashamed of yourself for such behavior. You are as jealous and touchy as the head singer of a choir."

Master John Mark Leighton had been celebrating his tenth birthday by an unusually long visit at the farm; the tokens whereof were visible in every direction.

A smashed window pane where his ball had looked in; a broken weather vane on the stable at which he had practiced with bow and arrows; a gate which he had swung upon to its evident damage; outline pictures of men and animals chalked on the side of the red barn; branches lopped from several young apple-trees; a good many small square holes where his jackknife had explored the interior of half-ripened water-melons; a broken kite clinging with its tail to the lightning rod; nicks in the blades of planes, hatchets, and other sharp instruments in the tool-house; marks of the shears on the long tails of the horses where he had been collecting material for fish-lines; the paint worn off the hub of the hind wheel of the best buggy which he had converted into a whirligig, with the help of Aunt Charity's clothes-line; a wooden tooth gone out of the cogs of the cider-mill, in which he had attempted to grind things harder than apples; a broken rake's-tail which he had used as a vaulting-pole; a couple of blocks nailed across two bars of the quilting-frames for a pair of stilts; a split in the windlass at the well, where he had amused himself by drawing up the bucket full of water and letting it down again at full speed; all of which, with other similar phenomena, were so many proofs that Master Johnny had been having a good time.

And now he was gone again! In consequence whereof the whole establishment seemed to shrivel up like a morning-glory in the afternoon.

Oh sweet, precious wisdom of Providence, this mingling of youth and age together! What a glum world this would be if the Shaker theory should ever come true, and people, instead of being born, were to be created full-grown men and women like Adam and Eve! Even so cross a baby as Cain must have been a great comfort to his parents when he was little.

One night as they sat by their lonesome fireside, after a long period of silence, the overflowing heart of Goody Zach found vent in words.

"What is to hinder our having him for our own?"

This question formed the chief topic of discourse at the farm for many a day. The widow was poor; they were rich; and, doubtless, she would like to see her son inherit the best and biggest farm in the county, and the snug sums of money which the papers stood for in the little tin trunk. They would adopt him, educate him, make a farmer of him, lean on him as they went down hill, and when they came to sleep together at the foot leave him their ample wealth, with no incumbrance on it except the cost of a neat obelisk of marble which he should set up over their graves.

Rich people feel strong; their plans claim success. Thus it was with a comfortable assurance these two old people set off early one morning to capture, since they had failed to raise, an heir.

Take care now, Widow Leighton! That old man and woman clambering down from that wagon, which has stopped at your door, have come to lay a fortune at the feet of your son. They are old and wise and kind. They will love him and care for him while the years shall make a man of him, then he may love and care for them, and when they die John Mark Leighton, Esquire, will be the richest farmer in the whole country round; fame and honor will be sure to find him out; perhaps they will send him to Congress. Who knows? In that great house, which looks out so charmingly upon the lake from its grove of oaks on the bluff a hundred feet above the water-line, there will also be a home for you when you too are weak and old, and that strong will of yours can no longer drive you at such vigorous pace through the slow, toilsome years. Take care! Now go and open the door and give the dear old people welcome.

Before setting out on this expedition the question with the old farmer and his wife had been whether they should take the lad; but when they came to face his mother it seemed to change into the question whether they could get him. He is now a well-grown boy, tall and strong for his age; and, like every young fellow with any decent blood in him, he is already squaring off at the world and

getting ready to conquer a place in it. He is proud of himself, but a good deal more proud of his mother; the boyish chivalry he manifests towards her is a little amusing, but a great deal admirable; it is the early out-working of his soul, according to that design of the Creator, to make the care of some one woman a means of grace to every man.

Blessed is the unlearned and diffident husband whose wife has the gift of tongues! She may use them at him betimes, but she will also use them for him. Such a husband was Zachariah Goodsmith—such a wife was Aunt Charity.

It had been thought best by the mistress of ceremonies that her husband should first broach the important business. It would seem that she had neglected to sketch the probable dialogue beforehand, in consequence of which he was sadly at a loss to know how to begin. The "tall, black-eyed, hansum widder," who so inspired his gallantry and courage on a former visit, now struck him speechless with confusion. His errand began to look doubtful: as his courage oozed out of him his self-respect seemed to go with it; his farm began to shrink in size, while, at the same time, its sloughs and swamps grew larger and larger; his new red barn was not so remarkable after all; there were a few stunted, scrubby yearlings among his stock which seemed to come up before him like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream; he began to doubt whether some one had not stolen that little tin trunk from under the bed in the spare chamber; in a word, all his worldly importance was in a state of collapse, and he, a poor helpless thing like a bursted balloon, was quite at the mercy of the lady, the pride and joy of whose life he had come to carry away. The silence grew oppressive—torturing—awful. He tried to relieve it by hitching his chair, but fear held him down. He tried to cough, but his throat was dry and only gave a faint gasp like the bellows of an organ just out of wind. He rubbed his bald head and tried to cudgel his muddled brain into thinking, but in vain. Then, as the great drops of perspiration began to stew out of him, he made one desperate plunge, succeeded in reaching the

pocket in the tail of his Sunday coat, drew forth a great, red silk pocket-handkerchief and began to mop his leaky face and neck with it, in something of the same desperation with which a sailor stuffs bunches of oakum, old tarpaulins, etc., into a leak in his foundering ship. He felt himself going down, but that maneuver saved him. That brilliant jib to his facial bowsprit was an extravagance for which his frugal wife had often blamed him, though, as he had teased for it, she had thought fit to indulge him; moreover it was the only red silk pocket-handkerchief in all the Lake Bluff settlement, and at this desperate crisis it amply paid for itself; for the sight of it brought back his sense of respectability and restored his presence of mind so far at least as to enable him to speak; and this is what he said:

"Wife, why don't you tell her what we want?"

Aunt Charity was a rhetorician by nature and much more so by practice. She prefaced her remarks with compliments to the widow and her son, in whose kinship she declared she took special pride; this by way of gaining the good-will of her audience, as the books of rhetoric direct. Her "introduction" was in "narrative style;" being a pleasant account of their early life in the wilderness, and their gradual increase in comfort as well as in years; into which she worked a full inventory of the items of their wealth so cleverly that their presence in the story was as natural as that of plums in a pudding. Next she dropped into the minor key, and told how lonesome they had been at the farm, except when Johnny had been there, and how often they had wished they had just such a boy of their own. Then she grew tender and motherly; consoled with the widow over her afflictions; pitied her for her hardships; asked anxiously after her health, whether it were not likely to break down under the double burden of supporting herself and her son. Again, with solemn air, she called to mind the fact that they would soon be dead and gone, leaving no one to mourn for them, and leaving their property to strangers, unless to the widow or her son, who were the only blood-relations

they knew of; and, at last, in an imploring tone, for the widow did not seem to hear her, she begged that Johnny might be with them more; said how glad they would be to bear a part in the cost and care of making a man of him; clothes, schooling, travel to see the world, and when they were gone he should enter in and possess their whole estate, in return for which they only wanted him to help them through their coming years of feebleness, love them a little, and hand them down gently to their graves.

Aunt Charity had meant to ask a great deal more, but even her heart failed, and she could only beg piteously for a little share of the boy, for a little claim upon his love and gratitude, for the sake of which they would lay their worldly all at his feet.

So hungry were they for love! They had begun to feel lost in this great wilderness of a world, and wanted a little child to lead them.

The boy all this time had been standing by his mother's side, holding her hand in his. There was something in the touch of her hand that inspired him; that roused the *man* in him; therefore, when Aunt Charity had hinted that he was a burden to his mother, he was as mad as a boy of his size could possibly be. But a glance at his mother's face changed his anger into pity. It was white and rigid, with set jaws and eyes which seemed to strain at something out of sight; such a face as the sole survivor of a wreck might wear who, clinging to a slippery spar in mid-ocean, sees the top-sails of a ship lift themselves out of the water, watches her approach, feels a thrill of joy as if he were already safe upon her deck, and then strains his eyes after her, as, in spite of all his cries and signals, she sails away again; for no one in all her company has noticed that little speck upon the sea.

Her hand tightened upon that of the boy, almost crushing it, and he, not minding the torture, gave her his other hand also. It made him feel more as if he were helping her.

Again the widow fought with God for her husband and lost him; fought for her boy and surrendered him; fled from home and love and plenty for his sake, and now again

she must stand between him and his fortune, and for the sake of her promise, in which he had no part, must keep him back from all that the world holds dear.

But now another scene comes up before her, from that mysterious world to which, for the most part, we are all so blind.

At first, on a mountain-side, which overlooked a little lake, two young men were talking together. She heard one of them say to the other, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me." Then, as the other turned away with a disappointed and angry look, the vision changed. She was wandering in the world of the dead. Among them was an old man walking all alone. The lines of care and covetousness were burned into his face; he looked poor and hungry, as if he were keeping an eternal fast, and as she looked with pity on him she recognized him. He was the same young man she had seen upon the mountain-side. He passed close to where she stood on his mournful, endless, weary way. She heard him moaning to himself: "Alas! alas! I might have been one of the apostles!"

The boy, as if with a sense of some strange supernatural power upon him, knelt at her feet and hid his face in her lap, which little movement called her back to the old life and world again.

And now at sight of the old couple who were standing by her, bathed in tears, she laid her hand on the boy's curly head, as if in a new act of consecration. Then she gave them this reply:

"You can not have him; he is already given away."

Again a voice seemed to come to her across the long, sorrowful years, breathing forth the words of that sweet benediction,—*"The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."*

With the words of this benediction spoken out of the heavens, as well as out of the past, her face lighted up as the faces of penitents sometimes do when, prostrate at God's altar, heart-broken, blind with tears, the new life and love and hope suddenly springs up within them; lighted up as the faces of the

dying sometimes do when they catch the first reflected light that makes the day above.

The old farmer and his wife looked at her for a moment in wonder, then they looked at each other in despair. They sat themselves down and wept together; he, because of the answer of the widow; she, partly at the same words and partly in memory of a certain spot where was a handful of human dust that had never come to human life. It was the long-slumbering motherliness of her nature flaming up once more before it died in her childless soul, like a brightening in the western sky at the close of a sunless day.

Long time they sat that night by the great fire in the great kitchen of the great house, more alone than ever, thinking sorrowfully of their wealth of land and moneys, and of their poverty of love; envying even the fisherman under the bluff, who was too poor to have but one glass-window in his cabin, but rich enough to have a child's face looking out through every pane. Then, suddenly, the old man started to his feet exclaiming,

"The will of the Lord be done! But, at least, we can be his grandfather and grandmother."

So the case was settled once for all.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

MR. ALEXANDER LAYARD was in trouble. He had been for a little more than a year a lively member of the Grand Trunk University, but his relations thereto had been rudely and suddenly disturbed, and he found himself, in company with several other active Sophomores, deprived of the fostering care of Alma Mater and thrust forth upon the chances of living by his wits in the midst of this cold unfriendly world. His misfortunes had happened as follows: Having arrived at the dignity of Sophomore, he was deeply impressed with its responsibilities, among others, that of properly initiating the Freshmen into the mysteries of college life. For this task he felt himself abundantly qualified, though he had failed in several other departments, and so thoroughly did he devote himself thereto as quite seriously to

interfere with his other scholastic duties. Under his personal supervision, as master of ceremonies all the old and several new novitiate torments were inflicted on the freshmen; never was a class more thoroughly initiated. Their seats in chapel had been salted, they had been smoked out, their backs had been chalked with the capital F, they had been glued down to their recitation benches, they had been locked into their rooms just before dinner, coal bunkers had been emptied into their beds and bureaus, strong brine had been poured over them out of an upper hall window as they were returning one night from a meeting of the Freshman Club; several of them had been "put down" in barrels, that is, headed up therein, leaving only their own heads visible through openings in the heads of the barrels; others had been put under the pump to freshen them still further, and at last, a grand "rush" was attempted in which, however, the Freshmen came off victorious. It at once occurred to the judicial mind of Mr. Alexander Layard that this unlooked-for triumph would be fatal to the modesty of the new men; might, indeed, vitiate all the beneficial effects he had been so assiduously laboring to produce. It was bad for a Freshman to imagine himself equal in any respect to the upper classes in college, and as a means of checking this rising insubordination he proposed to make the rounds of their dormitories that very night, administer to every man a wholesome discipline, after the manner in which certain excellent mothers in former times were wont to correct their rebellious offspring, and then, upon evidence of gentleness and submission, put the boy to bed. In order that nothing might interfere with this parental treatment, which in so large a family was difficult in any case, all the professors who lodged in the college building were fastened into their rooms from the outside. Guards were posted at suitable places to prevent the Freshmen from rallying to one another's defense, and then one after another the children were taken in hand; their faces were washed and vigorously dried with papers and towels; they were undressed, gently if they were "good," forcibly if they

were "naughty," and when in all respects they were ready for sleep, each man was put to bed, and tucked in tenderly by Mr. Layard himself, who, in cap, gown, and spectacles, assumed that motherly function.

It was not long before the whole college was in an uproar; the faculty were powerless, being held in durance vile; the Seniors did not feel like compromising their respectability by taking sides with the oppressed; the Juniors had only just escaped from being Sophs themselves, and therefore took a deep interest in the progress of the sport; while the Freshmen, poor fellows! being kept from rallying for each other's support by the wise strategy of their tormentors, after a few ineffectual attempts to rescue their beleaguered brethren, took refuge in their own rooms, and sought for safety by nailing up their doors; a measure which they had been prepared for ever since some of them had been half suffocated by a crowd of smokers, who paid them an informal call, and who, the door not being opened with sufficient promptness, had opened a way for themselves to the severe detriment of locks and hinges. But Mr. Layard was a man of versatile genius, as will hereafter more fully appear, and on this occasion suggested a measure which was very effectual in overcoming the difficulties of the situation. A big, fat, heavy Freshman had been caught coming in from some owlish exercise; him they converted into a battering ram, which being vigorously swung by four stout fellows, one at each of his four extremities, was not long in opening a way through the doors, which were not after the fashion of Oxford "oaks," but only weak imitations thereof in paint and putty and pine.

It was past one o'clock in the morning before the last Freshman had been undressed and put to bed; but Mr. Alexander Layard and his friends being still in a wakeful mood, bethought themselves that it would finish out the night most fitly to treat the captive members of the faculty to a serenade. At once all the musical instruments the college afforded were brought out, flutes, fifes, violins, guitars, accordions, harmonicas, jew's harps, trumpets, as well as several tin horns

which had been provided on some former occasion for a similar musical compliment to the Freshies. Mr. Layard, laying aside his character of house-mother, assumed the baton of the grand maestro, and proceeded to organize his orchestra on the very simple principle of taking each musical instrument from the hand of the man who could play it and giving it to one who could not, with the simple direction to get the largest possible effect out of it. A large sheet-iron casing of a dilapidated and discarded furnace was mounted on the shoulders of two musicians by means of a long pole, while a third armed with a wicket bat played upon this rude but effective bass-drum in a manner which left little to be desired.

With this band of music, making, as one would think, almost as much noise as that which played at the dedication of Nebuchadnezzar's great golden image, the college dignitaries were serenaded; and with so much zest and heartiness did they enter into their work, and so many *encores* were called for, that the first streaks of a cold November morning were visible before the last number on the programme had been performed.

It wanted now but a few minutes of morning prayers, a religious exercise so-called, which at the Grand Trunk University was celebrated at all seasons of the year at six o'clock A. M. This exercise began with a noise in the college-bell tower, whether of ringing or tolling depended upon the state of wakefulness the janitor had attained, then two hundred yawns, often mingled with growls and groans, as two hundred young men, future lawyers, judges, senators, presidents, and doctors of theology, reluctantly tumbled from bed to floor; then in a space of time so brief as to suggest the wise old proverb, "Procrastination is the thief of time," a universal clatter was heard, and two hundred human bipeds, in what might be called undress uniform, so universally though variously incomplete were the costumes, shuffled into the college chapel, and with keen glances at the benches to make sure they were innocent of salt or carpet-tacks or bent pins, or glue, every man disposed of himself for the further duties of religion.

The oil lamps lent a sickly glow as well as a sickly smell to the occasion, whose impressiveness was heightened by multitudinous coughs and sneezes from the young devotees, who having lain in bed a quarter of a minute too long had been constrained to appear in a manner somewhat premature. Then followed a few verses out of the Bible, read from the place at which the absent-minded professor chanced to open, followed by a form of words which, in the aggregate of several hundred mornings, were technically known as "prayers;" but very few of which, taken individually and separately, could have been described as "a prayer." The remainder of the religious exercise consisted of calls for special recitations, notices of lectures, occasional reprimands for college rascalities, and other such devout performance as was calculated to render "morning prayers" duly solemn and inspiring.

At this particular morning two things were remembered: first, the excessively crude and sleepy appearance of Mr. Alexander Layard and several other members of the Sophomore class, whose appearance was as of a company of late and heavy sleepers roused from their innocent slumbers by the unwelcome morning bell; a phenomenon which astonished some of the spectators of their night's vigil at the thoroughness and quickness with which these extemporized artists had put on the character of Rip Van Winkle; second, the emptiness of the chapel platform, only the nervous little Frenchman, who held the chair of modern languages and who roomed out of college, being present. His own solitude grew alarming to himself as the sleepy ding-dong died away and no brother of the faculty put in his appearance. At last, with a shrug of his shoulders and a look of helpless embarrassment, he rose from his chair at the very foot of the row—so much do those who teach the tongues of dead men outrank those whose teach the tongues of the living—and coming forward to the front of the platform he delivered the following in very Frenchy-English:

"Shentlemens, ze pr-r-aying professor-r-r-s are all absent; you are excused!"

The next thing after morning prayers was

the morning recitation. This exercise the young men had hoped to escape; but with the help of the little Frenchman, who at once had gone in quest of his absent brethren, those much-abused gentlemen were released from their captivity, and all appeared in time to hear the usual recitations; that is, to hear what there was of them and to commence their detective clew with a list of the men who knew absolutely nothing of their lessons. Alas for Mr. Alexander Layard and his band! Every one of them was found out, and every one of them was rusticated for the penal term of one year.

The way of transgressors may be very amusing both to themselves and others, but that does not prevent it from being hard. Here was a young man out of house and home in college, out of money, out of credit, out of favor with his father whom he feared so much that he dared not go home and face his righteous wrath; out of every thing except the ready wit with which nature had endowed him and the boundless impudence which he had acquired. The problem was how to support himself for a year on this limited capital in such a manner as not finally to alienate himself from his father, whose anger he doubted not would, by the end of his rustication, be sufficiently cooled to give him another chance at college learning.

After a careful survey of the situation he resolved to try his fortune in the schoolmaster's profession, and at once set off on foot to find some rustic region where there was civilization enough to call for teachers, but not so much as to submit their literary acquirements to a very severe examination. It was on this important errand that Mr. Alexander Layard found himself one evening at the house of the chief director of public-schools, in the township of Lake Bluff, who was no other than our old and worthy friend Mr. Zachariah Goodsmith.

The first interview between these two laborers in the cause of popular education was a marked and memorable event. To the mind of Goody Zach a university, and more especially the Grand Trunk University, was the headquarters and focus of all earthly wisdom; any favored mortal who had been

admitted to a share of its mysteries and honors was, next to a minister or a member of Congress, an object of admiration and wonder; and now here was a "college-larnt chap a offerin' to teach in the little school-house at the Bluff!" What a remarkable piece of good fortune!

The candidate was dignified and reserved at first, but seeing what a profound impression he was making upon the simple mind of the chief director, he thought fit to explain the cause of his unlooked-for advent in that unlearned locality. Like too many other young gentlemen at college he had allowed his devotion to learning to interfere with his health; he had been studying too hard,—accompanying this remark with a little sigh, and passing his hand slowly upward over his handsome forehead, as if to quiet his too active brain. His anxious parents, his physician, his pastor, and the president of the university had all concurred in urging him to forego for a year his too ardent pursuit of learning; and with this view he had sought the quiet and healthful region of Lake Bluff, where, he had understood, there was a vacancy in the office of Principal of the Lake Bluff High-school.

"At some distance from this place," continued our young friend, "I learned that your fellow-citizens had invested you with the honorable and responsible office of Chief Director of Public Instruction for this township, and as I wish for some kind of scholastic employment to console me for my year of absence from the halls of higher learning, I have called to offer you my services with the hope that together we may achieve a career of usefulness to the rising generation of this beautiful and rural town."

Mr. Zachariah Goodsmith felt himself about an inch and a half taller after listening to this little speech. Here was a young man who was evidently wise beyond his years; so humble and sensible too; was willing to work; was, as his own story plainly showed, obedient to his parents and dutiful to his betters. This was the man of all others to teach the Lake Bluff High-school. It was the first time that little bunch of small boys and girls had ever been called a "high"

school; but now that it was to have a teacher (I beg pardon) a principal, fresh from the Grand Trunk University, it could be nothing else. Why should n't a school be named for its instructor as well as for its pupils?

After settling the business terms, the next thing was to examine the candidate as to his literary qualifications; but, to Mr. Layard's great relief, this formality was waived, partly in deference to the high position of the candidate in the world of letters, and partly because neither Mr. Goodsmith nor his two brother directors were willing to undertake that delicate duty.

In a few days the following document, written in a highly ornamental hand, which contrasted oddly enough with the cramped and crabbed signatures, was nailed to the school-house door:

LAKE BLUFF ACADEMY.

On the Monday after Thanksgiving, Professor ALEXANDER LAYARD, late of the Grand Trunk University, will open the Winter term of the above-named institution. In addition to the usual course of instruction, Professor Layard will be happy to form classes in the Greek and Latin languages, Algebra, Geometry, Political Economy, Rhetoric, and Mental and Moral Philosophy.

For further particulars patrons may apply to the Honorable Board of Directors of Public Instruction.

Signed, ZACHARIAH GOODSMITH,
Chief Director.
HANS BUIHLERCHUTZEN,
1st Associate Director.
his
MICHAEL X O'KEEFE,
mark
2d Associate Director.

CHAPTER XIV.

ADVANCED VIEWS.

LOVE is both cunning and persistent. It is the love element in religion from which must have come that old doctrine of the inferential school of theology called the Perseverance of the Saints. If any one really falls in love with God why should it not be for life just as well as any other true love?

Ever after Goody Zach and Aunt Charity had fallen in love with Johnny Leighton, and had settled into the places of grandfather and grandmother to him, their whole

hearts and lives centered in the boy; he was by virtue of this adoption only one degree removed from them, and their love made so light of that as to leave them a very precious sense of possession in him. Every kind of strategy was used to bring him to the farm as often and keep him as long as possible; and now here was the very best kind of a reason why he should come and stay all Winter. What teacher at Lakeside could compare with Professor Alexander Layard? Besides, that gentleman was to be a member of the Goodsmith household, and if Johnny could only come and travel the road to learning hand in hand, as it were, with this young Athenian, not only for the six hours of the school day, but also to bask in the sunshine of his constant presence, and absorb the unconscious wisdom which might be expected to flow forth continually from his conversation and manners, it was a thing greatly to be desired. Those two old people talked the plan over together, all the while keeping up the pretense that it was simply for Johnny's good, but all the while conscious in their guilty hearts that what they wanted most of all was to have their idol where they could worship him to better advantage.

The Professor had begged to be allowed to take up his residence in the Goodsmith mansion at once, in order, so he said, to enjoy the healthy atmosphere and quiet life at Lake Bluff for a few days before entering upon the duties of the academic term—he omitted to state that he was quite out of money, and dared not send to his father for more—and so wisely did he appeal to the sympathy and helpfulness of Aunt Charity that she consented at once to "take him in and do for him" in place of his mother.

The next step was to bring the boy to the farm in order that he might make the acquaintance of the new teacher, for whom he at once conceived the greatest admiration. All the young fellows at Lakeside were common; here was a gentleman. All his teachers had been plodders; here was a genius. The boy was just far enough along toward manhood to be fascinated by this brilliant youth; it was a glimpse of power and glory

a great deal nearer to him than what he had sometimes seen without emotion in full-grown men; Elder Hooper for instance.

People look at the stars calmly enough, great worlds though they be, but if a little fluttering meteor happens to come into their horizon they feel their flesh creep and their hair rise, and long years afterward speak of it to their grandchildren as the most remarkable sight they ever saw.

One evening at the farm, after the apples and cider had been duly considered, Goody Zach requested his learned young friend to give his views concerning the boy, and state what, in his opinion, had better be done with him. With a full sense of the dignity of his position the fledgeling school-master allowed himself to lapse into a brown study, tipped back in his chair, put both his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, and, after due meditation, opened his mind as follows:

"That boy must have remarkably good blood in him." Then after a long pause to let this delicate compliment tickle Aunt Charity's family pride, he resumed:

"Our young friend here has great talents in two different directions; first, he has the gifts of a scholar, and might become a learned man; second, he has great activity. It is therefore evident that a career should be marked out for him which would give full play to his abilities in both these two directions.

What shall it be? The law? No; law is too common. Medicine? No; medicine is too limited in its scope. A man never can become truly great by giving his whole life to things small enough to go into a coffin. Theology? N-o-o—with a hesitating glance at the two old people to see if they were likely to be displeased—"no; theology is on the decline. The advanced views of leading thinkers are bringing about a new era in what is called religion; microscopes and telescopes are taking the place of catechisms and Bibles." Then rising to his full height—Mr. Layard had a splendid figure for a young man of twenty, and he knew it—he concluded thus:

"But there is a profession whose field is as wide as the world; grand, exciting, use-

ful; giving full play to all the powers both of body and mind. Mr. and Mrs. Goodsmith, you have done me the honor to ask my advice. I give it. Send that boy to the Grand Trunk University, to become, like myself, a civil engineer."

"What is that?" asked Goody, whose only notion of an engineer was of a greasy-looking man he had seen in the cab of a locomotive at a railway station.

"A civil engineer," said the professor, "is a man who studies the laws and wields the forces of the material world; who has power over matter; the nearest possible approach to creation. True, we civil engineers can not make new worlds, but we can change the face of the old one. Both land and sea are ours. We bore the earth for water; we go down into it for iron and coal; we build our iron roads, and sweep over it drawn by horses which feed on fire; we tunnel its mountains, span its rivers with bridges, stretch the wires of the telegraph over it and talk by lightning, build all manner of vast structures on it; and compass all seas with ships and steamers. Three of the elements—earth, water, fire—belong to us, and it only remains for us to capture the air and teach men how to fly, and we have possessed the whole world."

Goody Zach was satisfied. His adopted grandson would certainly find room for his talents in such a grand profession. Aunt Charity was delighted; any thing that had power in it always pleased her. Master Johnny was overwhelmed. It was too good to be true. As for Mr. Alexander Layard, he contemplated the effect of his remarks in the spirit of that other hero; VENT! VIDI! VICI!

So grave and brilliant a proposal, and from such a distinguished source, could not fail to make a deep impression upon the simple minds of Goody Zach and his wife. To them a college was near the summit of all earthly glory; and, therefore, just the place for their hopeful heir. They were rich, and could afford to send him; and as for the boy himself there was no doubt but he would distinguish himself if he only had a chance. About the civil engineering they had some

few misgivings on account of some things they had heard his mother say; but, at any rate, she could not object to giving her son the advantages of college learning when it was to be had, so far as she was concerned, for nothing.

She did not object, regarding it as the way the Lord had opened for training his future servant for his work. She gave her consent at once; and, accordingly, when the Lake Bluff Academy opened its first and only session, among the two dozen small fry Master John Leighton shone conspicuous. He was the only tidy, handsome scholar in the whole school, as well as the only one who could manage a Third Reader or do a sum in the Rule of Three. Nevertheless, classes were formed in algebra, geometry, the Latin language, political economy, rhetoric and mental and moral philosophy; the first three being composed solely of Master Leighton; the others of the entire academy; to whom Professor Layard gave occasional lectures in each of the above-named departments of learning, according as circumstances opened the way.

Thus, when Snyder Buhlderschutzen and Paddy O'Keefe got into a quarrel over a broken jackknife, which the former had bought of the latter "sight unseen," and in which the little Irishman got the better of the little Dutchman, Professor Layard gave a lecture on The Rights of Property; enumerating the broadest free-trade doctrines, and concluding with this sound advice: "Always stick to your bargain."

Again, when big Tim O'Shaughnessy pounded little Joe Mullins, he lectured on *Habeas Corpus*; which he defined as "the right of a little chap to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, in spite of the opinions of any big fellow to the contrary;" and such a deep impression did he make on the minds of his class that whoever afterwards ventured to seek a quarrel with any one smaller than himself was sure to have the concluding sentence of that lecture quoted to him, which the Professor had chalked on the blackboard as the sum and substance of *habeas corpus*, thus:

"TAKE ONE OF YOUR SIZE."

Among the girls was a little vixen who had a wonderful ingenuity in inventing bad nicknames, with which she tormented every body round her. This called out a lecture to the rhetoric class on Figurative Language, in which he so far surpassed the little torment as to shame her out of her vicious habit altogether.

The class in moral philosophy was also frequently called and lectured; swearing, lying, and fighting being mournfully prevalent; and as for mental philosophy, was not the academy itself, from Monday morning till Saturday night, or Friday night every other week, one long example in intellectual science? So every thing promised in the prospectus of the Lake Bluff Academy was performed to the letter. Even the Greek language did not fail of a representative, to wit the Professor himself; who, by way of keeping up his own scanty knowledge of that classic tongue, as well as for moral effect on the academy, used to pronounce some passages from Homer or Xenophon in their hearing almost every day to their no small wonder and admiration.

As a disciplinarian Professor Layard never had his equal in that school. He seemed to have an instinct for detecting mischief, almost before it was done. He could tell by the look of a boy that he had just placed a bent pin for his neighbor to sit down on when he came back from his recitation. He picked out at a glance the miscreant who had climbed the roof, one morning before school-time, and stuffed the chimney-top with snow, whereby the academy was likely to be smoked out; and him he sent to mount the roof again to dig out the snow. When the luckless youth was in good position the Professor ordered a recess, and giving a sly wink to the boys as they went out, he caused the offender to be so terribly pelted with snowballs as effectually to put a stop to that sort of mischief.

But of all his varied talents and knowledges Professor Layard's *forte* was theology.

As already seen he held "advanced views."

Sometime in his seventeenth year he stumbled upon this remark of a leading thinker: "One soul is a measure of all souls; as a

capillary column of water balances the sea." Thenceforth Mr. Alexander Layard was a philosopher. He drew this corollary from the above proposition: "Things are, *to me*, what I think of them;" and having thus established himself at the center of his own universe, he proceeded to pass his judgment on every thing that came into it; and, in the intervals of his other follies, devoted himself to advocating all sorts of reforms.

There was nothing in his world he did not criticise—except himself; he had opinions on all subjects which he called "original." He gave himself credit for great candor, saying, "I hold myself ready to believe any thing that is reasonable."

Of course, one of the first questions for this youthful philosopher to settle was the exact value of the Bible as a book of religion. He read a little of it, not too much, lest it should bias his judgment—which accorded well with his habits in respect to other books—and then set his capillary column to balance this sea.

The first point which aroused his suspicions as to the correctness of that book was the fact that, according to its chronology, this earth is only about six thousand years old. He had fallen in with the work of an eminent geologist which stated two facts: first, that the average rate of accumulation of vegetable soils is about one inch in a hundred years; second, there are vegetable soils sixteen feet deep. At once our philosopher demonstrated, by the rule of three, that Moses, in his work on Genesis, was in error by at least thirteen thousand years. Upon this he dismissed both the Old and New Testament as utterly unreliable.

When he entered as Freshman at the Grand Trunk University, he found himself required to attend prayers in chapel every day, and two Church services on Sunday. This he regarded as an infringement on his liberty of conscience, and stated his objections to the

faculty. Here is the closing sentence of his letter:

"I do not deny that, for the average mind with the customary training, such exercises may be profitable; but, for myself, I have found them otherwise; therefore, I must claim, in accordance with my duty to my own candid judgment as well as my right as an American citizen, to whom liberty of conscience is guaranteed by the constitution, to be permanently excused from attendance upon any so-called 'religious service' during my connection with this university."

Much to his disgust no notice was taken of his communication, and for fear of the bad effects of too many marks for absence he yielded an outward obedience to college order, though he did not fail to protest against college tyranny.

To one who has not tried it it is astonishing at what a rate, and to what an extent, one can get on in theology along the line marked out by Mr. Alexander Layard. Three years of experience as a religious critic, these three years being from seventeen to twenty, are enough to make a young man the master of the whole subject, that is, in his own estimation; which, according to Mr. Emerson's formula above quoted, answers every purpose.

Professor Layard had not mentioned theology in the prospectus of the Lake Bluff Academy; but, like other great reformers in that department, he was always on the alert for making converts. Johnny Leighton was the only lad in the academy whom he judged to be able to grasp his advanced ideas, and therefore he resolved to take him under his especial tutelage in religion as well as in mathematics and Latin; with the high ambition of testing the effect of his doctrines by planting them in the soil of a mind as yet unbiased by the old erroneous systems.

Poor Johnny! What would his mother say if she knew it?

NANCIE PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

IT is a dreary day; the storm clouds drag wearily along the valley, making every thing look damp and depressing. In a paper mill, the machinery of which is driven by the rushing waters of the Ashuelot River (but just now that machinery is silent, for it is noon, and most of the operatives have gone to their midday meal), in one of the compartments of the establishment, is a young woman of nineteen seated on a sack of rags, gazing through the dusty window panes. Over the misty current her dark eyes gleam with a mysterious brilliancy. She picks up a piece of paper, and with her pencil writes rapidly for a few minutes; but the bell rings, the machinery begins to clatter; she thrusts the paper into her pocket and resumes her work. On that crumpled paper is written the first sketch of a poem, which has gained a well-deserved renown. But it came very near being destroyed, when a few days later the dress was washed by the young woman's mother; happily it was preserved, and afterward completed. Some years later, when this poem had become famous, and the name of its author known and honored, a distinguished musical composer desiring to set it to music and dedicate the music to the writer of the poetry, she sent to him, through his brother, a modest letter acknowledging the compliment and granting his request. In the closing paragraphs she details some of the circumstances among which the poem was written:

"The little poem to which he purposes to give musical expression, was written originally on a sheet of brown wrapping-paper, in the hour's nooning, at the mill, and then carried home, thrown in with other loose papers, and entirely forgotten, until I came across it by accident again while looking for something else, more than a year after.

"Trusting that the inevitable delay in answering your letter has not seriously interfered with the plans of your brother,

"I remain, yours, respectfully,

"NANCIE A. W. PRIEST.

"MR. A. H. LONGLEY, Belchertown, Mass."

Though this little poem must be familiar to the readers of this magazine, yet, like the countenance of a friend, they will be glad to see it again and again:

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts
Who cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing the river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

The author of this exquisite poem, that few can read except with moistened eyes, was Nancie Priest, afterward Mrs. Wakefield. She was born in Royalston, Massachusetts, December 7, 1836. Her parents were like most New England villagers, intelligent,

industrious, God-fearing people, using all their ability to fulfill life's obligations, and attain unto a nobler life beyond. There was nothing in Nancie's early days to give any marked indication of the remarkable poetic talent with which she was endowed, with the exception of a delicate taste and accuracy in the choice of words. She was just like the other children in the family, and the children of the neighbors with whom she associated; but as she advanced to the grammar-school, and began to write compositions, her poetic ability was soon discovered by both her preceptor and schoolmates.

Almost the first poem which Miss Priest published gained for her immediate distinction; she might almost have said with Lord Byron that she waked up one morning to find herself famous; but unlike Byron, that fame was not increased by any of her subsequent productions. "Over the River" was written in an hour of unusual exaltation or inspiration, which never came again, or, recurring, never was surpassed in any thing that remains. And yet she may have written better things, for such was her lack of self-appreciation and sensitive distrust of her ability, that several times she has gone to her desk gathered up all her papers and cast them into the fire. In the *Springfield Republican*, of August 22, 1857, under the assumed name of Lizzie Lincoln, she ventured to give to the public about the first, and decidedly the ablest, of her productions. "Over the River" was not long in going the rounds of the newspapers; it was universally commended and admired. Soon the question of its authorship became quite generally discussed. The editors of the *Republican* were told that they had been imposed upon, that in some of the Western papers the poem had made an earlier appearance. When Miss Priest was written to on the subject, and asked was her poem original, she replied, she could not tell, she "only knew that she had written it;" showing clearly that she did not fully apprehend what the word original implied.

This controversy gave her a great deal of pain. When the first intimation of a doubt of her truthfulness came to her knowledge she burst into tears, and expressed great re-

gret that she had ever written a stanza. The Western editor was ultimately obliged to acknowledge himself mistaken; the poem which he declared published before Miss Priest's turned out to be some verses, entitled, "Beyond the River."

Keats did not long survive the onslaught of his critics; nor did Miss Priest ever seem to regain confidence to write much for the public after this controversy about the authorship of her poem. Many efforts were made to induce her to enter upon a literary life, to engage her pen in regular contributions to several of the leading periodicals; but she could never be persuaded to enter upon any such employment; she strangely preferred braiding palm-leaf hats to composing poetry. Her answers to all offers of pecuniary compensation for her contributions to the press would generally be, "I can not sell the gift of God for money." A friend who only knew her by the genius which her writings unfolded, offered to secure to her a liberal education in one of our female colleges. At first she favored the proposal, and got ready to start for the institution, but suddenly changed her mind on the morning of her intended departure.

We often hear the exquisite sensibility of those endowed with poetic genius spoken of in language of censure or sarcasm; their lack of sociality or common sense is quite freely and frequently proclaimed. But there may be great injustice in any such remarks. The endowments which make a poet are generally the very qualities which will make him reticent, reserved, fluctuating in his feelings and expressions. So with Miss Priest; some who knew her but partially have thought that she was cold, abstracted, uncongenial in her disposition; but to those who knew her most intimately she was quite the reverse of all this. Yet she dreaded any reference to her poetical talents; she seemed to look upon those qualities, which won for her the admiration of thousands, as a kind of natural calamity. She wrote because she could not help it. An inspiration would come over her often in the midst of the talking and employments of the household, when she would sit down, take up her pencil, write

rapidly upon a piece of paper; when through thrust it into her pocket, or not unfrequently into the fire. She wondered why so much consideration was given to this kind of talent, often declaring that any one could write poetry if he only tried. Though somewhat restrained in her bearing toward society, with nature she was always at home. Reveling in her loveliness, pointing out attractions and charms which ordinary eyes had failed to discover, and bringing out harmonious measures to which many had never before listened, or of whose existence they had not even dreamed.

Wordsworth himself, the great high-priest and interpreter of nature, has written few things superior to the following beautiful lines on

SAILING DOWN THE RIVER.

Sunset fades behind the hill,
Twilight drops her spangled veil,
And the lovelorn whip-poor-will
Tells her woe to every gale;
Stars gleam trembling from the sky,
On the stream the moonbeams quiver,
And our boat goes silently,
Floating, floating down the river.

Waves flash backward from the oar,
Then break rippling on the strand;
Fire-flies light the lamp on shore,
Earth seems some enchanted land;
To the south winds balmy sigh,
Willows bend and aspens shiver,
And our boat goes silently,
Floating, floating down the river.

There the rude bridge spans the stream,
Deep and dark the waters lie,
Still as Lethe's fabled dream,
Black as midnight's moonless sky.
And the night bird's sudden cry
Makes the startling dreamers shiver:
While the boat goes silently,
Floating, floating down the river.

Now past some enchanted isle,
In the moonlight sleeping fair,
We can almost see the white
Elves and fairies dancing there.
On the breeze that wanders by
Notes of elfin music quiver,
While the boat goes silently,
Floating, floating down the river.

During our late civil war, when the call for volunteers to defend the country's flag was ringing through the land, a fervor of patriotism glowed in the heart of Miss Priest. She felt new inspiration and delight in devoting her talents to the cause of liberty and union. Her poetical effusions at this period were numerous and soul-stirring,

and they were eagerly read and cherished throughout the loyal States. Many a noble youth has abandoned home and loved ones for the fiery front with the words of her tender, tearful little poem upon his lips,—
"Kiss me, Mother, and Let me Go;" while many a home-guard hero has been shamed from the chimney-corner to the tented field by the stinging sarcasm and ridicule of her "Sweet Little Man." As a memento of those days of trial, as well as for their intrinsic excellence, we present to our readers a copy of the first entire, and few selected stanzas from the second.

KISS ME, MOTHER, AND LET ME GO.

Have you heard the news that I heard to-day,
The news that trembles on every lip?
The sky is darker again they say,
And breakers threaten the good old ship.
Our country calls on her sons again
To strike in her name at a dastard foe;
She asks for six hundred thousand men,—
Kiss me, mother, and let me go.

The love of country was born with me;
I remember how my young heart would thrill
When I used to sit on my grandame's knee,
And list to the story of Bunker Hill.
Life gushed out there in a rich red flood,—
My grandsire fell in that fight, you know,—
Would you have me shame the brave old blood?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,
With its stars and stripes and its field of blue,
Is mocked, insulted, torn down, defied,
And trampled upon by the rebel crew;
And England and France look on and sneer,—
"Ah, Queen of the Earth, thou art fallen low!"
Earth's down-trod millions weep and fear,—
So kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Under the burning Southern skies,
Our brothers languish in heart-sick pain;
They turn to us with their pleading eyes,—
Oh mother, say shall they plead in vain?
Their ranks are thinning from sun to sun,
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;
Shall we let them die there one by one?
No, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Can you selfishly cling to your household joys,
Refusing the smallest tithe to yield,
While thousands of mothers are sending boys,
Beloved as yours, to the battle-field?
Can you hear my country call in vain,
And restrain my arm from the needful blow?
Not so, though your heart should break with pain,
You will kiss me, mother, and let me go.

THE WIDE-AWAKE MAN.

Now while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my wide-awake man?

Oh, but the apron-string guards are the fellows,
Drilling each day since our trouble began;
Handle your walking-stick, shoulder umbrellas,
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Where the red sails of the battle-field thrashers
Beat out the continent's wheat from the bran,
While the winds scatter the chaffy seceshers,
What will become of the sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look when his features they scan,
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love, sweet little man?

December 22, 1865, Miss Priest became the wife of Mr. A. C. Wakefield. The pair thus united had been companions almost from childhood, and the friendship of their earlier days ripened into a wedded life of truest and tenderest devotion. Faithfully and cheerfully she fulfilled the duties and endured the cares of domestic life. In her home and in the training of her children she found a congenial sphere for the exercise of her beautiful qualities of mind and heart. Her poetry found expression in her life, and her pen seemed quite abandoned until just a little while before her death, of the heaviness of which she had evidently had a very strong presentiment. As a wife, a mother, and a meek follower of the meek and lowly Saviour, she was faithful until death. She died September 21, 1870, leaving behind her husband and one little son to weep because they should see her face no more. An infant daughter died just five days before her. It is said that in her delirium she knew not of the death of the little one, but it seemed that from somewhere on the unseen shore, the babe was watching and waiting for her mother's coming.

Laid away with care amongst some family treasures her sorrowing husband found a little note addressed to himself in the handwriting of his sainted wife. It contained the following affecting lines: they have never been published.

TO MY HUSBAND.

When that last change that comes to all
Shall o'er my features spread;
When from my eyes life's light fades out,
And from my cheeks the red;
When o'er this heart that once beat warm
The pulseless hands you fold,
Oh kiss my faded lips, beloved,
Albeit they are cold.

For since the time when our two lives
Together blent in one,
Like streams that from two different springs
Flow singing into one;
No matter what of hope or light
The weary day might miss,
I never close my eyes at night
Without thy good-night kiss.

Forever in that quiet grave,
Albeit they say the dead
Know nothing of the busy world
That whirls above their head,
I think my sleep would be less deep,
If any but thine own
Were the last earthly touch I felt,
Ere I was left alone.

Kiss me, but do not weep, beloved,
Nay, rather bless our God
That made so bright the little time
That we together trod;
And doubt not that I love thee still
Wherever I may be,
That as in life, each throb that beats,
Is true as steel to thee.

And think, that just beyond the veil,
Within another home,
With love and faith that ne'er shall fail,
I'll wait for thee to come.

ODERIC'S TOUR TO CATHAY.

IF you journey by rail from Venice to Trieste, you pass the snug little station of Pordenone, and a couple of hours later comes the city of Udine. To the former Baedeker's tour book devotes a couple of lines; and only the soft, undulating hills, dotted with snowy cottages, would lead you to halt at the queer, old-fashioned, drowsy town. Udine has some attraction as repre-

sented in guide books, and may be you would break your journey to glance at the campanile and loiter in the churches. Should you enter San Pietro's Church, at the second altar on the left, going in, is a noticeable relief, whereon appears the bluff, honest friar Oderic, preaching to a closely pressing crowd of queer, little kneeling figures in most outlandish garb. Oderic's face is not

sleek and shaven, like modern priests, but with a venerable beard adding a sort of an awe to his mild eyes, that have softened from the austerity of an ecclesiastic into the placid contemplative aspect, befitting one "who many men and manners saw." His right hand and distended finger is in true pulpit oratory attitude, his left hand clasps a book, and from beneath his depending robe his bare feet appear—those patient, plodding feet, that carried him to further Asia, to remote Cathay. This, then, is the much wandering Friar Oderic, who died in 1331, and is not yet a full saint, but only semi-canonized, or brevetted, by the title of *Beatus*.

If curiosity had led you to Villa Nuova, a scattered hamlet under mulberry-trees, about a mile and a half from Pordenone, a peasant, speaking a rich dialect, akin to old Provençal, will point out a half-deserted house, built in sturdy mediæval style, where Oderic was born. If you doubt the tradition you can see in the half-open arcade of the lower story, behind a heap of fire-wood, a defaced fresco of Oderic holding a cross. If you would be fully assured, go and see the room of Oderic's birth, where even the bed—a huge mass of lumber—looks as if it might have officiated at the event.

His father was a Bohemian soldier, garrisoned at Pordenone, and perhaps it was this soldiering, Bohemian blood, that implanted the traveling instinct, which was, in the end, so signally gratified.

The Franciscans say that Oderic early began to go about barefoot, stinting himself on bread and water, and vexed his body with all the ascetic sanctities of his sect. As his own sayings, however, give rather the impression of a wild, roving humor, with not a trace of the ascetic, these stereotyped accounts of youthful severities which Romish biographers spread on so indiscriminately, are in this instance worth as much as the contrary opinion of Thomas à Kempis, that they who wander abroad are seldom holy.*

We have no hint of what first awoke the traveling propensity, and directed it eastward; doubtless, however, it was the "Itin-

erary of Rubruquis," recently written, recounting a successful visit to the Tartars, as a sort of ambassador of King Louis of France, which was well calculated to excite emulation among other orders. Some time before the year 1318, Oderic set forth from Venice, and, after sailing through the Black Sea, disappeared in the pagan wilderness beyond. No tidings came to his native place, and in 1330, after he had been half-forgotten, he returned to Venice, and wearily wended his way to Pordenone; but so shrunk and bowed was he by his hardships, that none of his kindred recognized him. Lying ill at Padua, he dictated the story of his adventures, and having attested it by a formal affidavit, our travel-worn friar shortly afterward died. His order tell of a few modest miracles which he wrought, but his fame is founded on the "Itinerary," which was so highly in favor of the copyists, that there are few libraries, from Oxford to Prague, without some faded parchment copy of the journey to Cathay.

"For many men," said Sir John Maundeville, "have gret lykyng to here speke straunge things of dyverse contreys." Curious has been the conflict of opinion as to Oderic's merits. The bare statement of so devout a man imparts so absolute a verity to his fellow friars, that whatever he uttered was by them unquestioned. Some are so extravagant as to rank him over Duns Scotus and Roger Bacon as "one of the most learned of his order." In later incredulous times when a talent for belittling was cultivated, Herodotus being derided, and Marco Polo deemed a gatherer of fables, our friar was in low esteem. Thus, in "Astley's Voyages," poor Oderic fares ill, the succinct entry in the index being: "Oderic, Friar, Travels of; a great liar, *ibid.*" The truth is, however, now deemed to be, that, in the main, our itinerant was a genuine, honest, but rather indiscriminating narrator, who had neither the acuteness of a scientist nor the shrewdness of a man of the world. The critical comparison of scores of MSS. by the latest translator, Colonel Yule, of the Hakluyt Society, has not only removed all spurious matter from the text, but being collated with

* "Qui peregrinantur raro sanctificantur."

passages of other writers, has clearly refuted all imputations of bad faith.

Our friar's tone at the outset is so confidential as to disarm the most hardened critic. He promiseth the studious reader "to rehearse many marvels, which I did hear and see." "And if he find any thing too hard for belief, and wherein he judged me to stray from truth, let him remark thereon, with a student's charity, and not with insolent bitterness and spiteful snarling."

At Trebizond he saw a pretty sight. There walked a man with more than four thousand tame partridges, which flew fluttering above him as he passed by. When he stopped, or would lie down to rest, the birds all gathered about him, like chickens about a hen. This story, though formerly doubted, is now believed, since flocks of tame partridges are seen at Scio. Still it must be confessed that four thousand birds make a *rather* large flock!

Evidently Oderic appreciated good cheer, notwithstanding the legends of his living on bread and water, as he generally dismisses a town with the assurance that "it aboundeth greatly in all kinds of victual." He delights to relate the store of good things in the Persian city of Yezd, and smacks his lips over the luscious figs and fresh green raisins, but adds that no Christian is said to live there more than a year, which seems to reflect on the moderation of European fruit-eaters. These clergymen no doubt had good appetites, and we can sympathize with friar Rubruquis, who recounts his suffering when among the Tartars, of having to conform to the savage, unchristian habit of eating but one meal a day, and who impliedly intimates that fasting is well enough in the cloister, but is unsuited to tramping over the steppes of Central Asia. Oderic finds it not beneath his dignity to tell of any unusual fashion prevailing among the ladies. At the city of Huz,—Job's old neighborhood, may be,—the women were much emancipated, as he says the custom was for the men to weave and run all the spinning-wheels. In the Indian city of Polumbum the women go further, as they did all the wine drinking, and even shaved their foreheads. Elsewhere he says

that the Indian women are the handsomest in the world. We hope he does n't reckon the Polumbum ladies in this flattering remark. He gravely asserts also that the women of Thibet do up their hair in more than a hundred braids, but he expresses no opinion as to the effect of such a complicated head-dress. Perhaps this statement should be placed beside Marco Polo's relation that the ladies of Balaxiam require sixty, eighty, or even one hundred ells of muslin for an overskirt. Though this tale was in his day scouted as preposterous, it is in these times, doubtless, not entirely beyond belief.

Oderic's "rats of the size of our dogs," surely was mere hearsay, and must be counted out along with the tortoise, which he said was as large as one of the domes of St. Anthony's church at Padua. Fancy a tortoise-shell forty feet in diameter! Evidently this is a slip of Friar William, who jotted down what Oderic dictated. The richest part of it is, that just at the conclusion of the tortoise whopper, the friar is made to say, "and many other things be there, which, unless they were seen, would be past belief, therefore I care not to write them."

Few persons would be misled at our traveler's recital of the abundance of silver and gold which he saw at the palace of the King of Java, the golden idols in India, and the golden peacocks at the palace of the great Khan. So also of Marco Polo's description of the golden roofed palace of the Mikado of Japan. What Colonel Yule says about the colossal idol of pure gold, will apply to the others. His curt comment is "pure gold *leaf* doubtless."

Perhaps the reports of the golden stores of the great Khan have more foundation, as in his country paper money, made from the inner bark of the mulberry-tree, was the only legal tender, and hence the hoards of metal would naturally accumulate in the royal treasury.

Though the reader may view these displays of wealth with composure, he can not forbear a sigh at the good times of low prices which many old travelers record. Thus, Oderic says that at Canscalan three hundred pounds of ginger could be had for less than

a goat; and the old translator of Mendoza's travels puts it in this shape, "All things is so good cheape, that almost it seemeth they sell them for nothing." Nor were these prices true of Cathay alone. Barbaro, who was sent by the Venetian Republic in 1471, related that in Russia seventy hens could be bought for a dollar, and that a goose was sold for less than two cents. What a modern tourist will perhaps appreciate most, is Oderic's statement that in Cathay, at the end of a day's journey, there is always to be found a governmental inn, called a Yam, where a paternal government allots to every traveler of whatever condition, two meals without payment. As our traveler is ominously silent about the victual, doubtless it was not very lavish.

Oderic found brother friars at Cansay and Cambalech, among whom he tarried many years, closely observing the customs of the people. Some of his remarks upon the home life of the city folk are of the highest interest. "And many a tenement," he says, "is there which shall have ten or twelve households comprised in it." It would seem that the pressing problems of social life had been there solved by a general system of clubbing together on most economical plan. In other books we read that, in a certain Mongolian city, nine generations once lived under the same roof, and that in Kiangchow seven hundred persons partook of the same daily repast. The government, it would seem, encouraged this tendency to co-operative housekeeping by exacting a small tax on every fire-place; and Oderic says that ten or twelve thrifty households would unite to have but a single fire, thus dividing the tax. This seems to have been the secret how such vast populations could dwell together, and still secure plenty and continual low prices. Probably St. Simon, Fourier, and Robert Owen, in all their attempted novelties in community of housekeeping, never dreamed of bringing mankind to the same conviction of the truths of sociology that the civilization of Cathay had thus early accomplished.

Oderic seemed much surprised at the shipping at Menzu, which was not only of enormous amount, but was away in advance of

European craft at that day. If Oderic's words are to be understood literally they almost rivaled our river steamers, as he declares that "on board you find halls and taverns and many other conveniences as handsome and well ordered as anywhere to be found."

He was impressed also at seeing the native priests feeding the monkeys, at a monastery of idolaters, at Manzu.

"Tell me, prithe, what this meaneth?" inquires Oderic.

"These animals be the souls of gentlemen, which we feed in this fashion for the love of God."

"No souls be these, but brute beasts of sundry kinds," stoutly rejoined our friar.

"No, forsooth, they be naught else, but the souls of gentlemen. For if a man be noble his soul entereth the form of some one of these noble animals; but the souls of boors enter the forms of baser animals, and dwell therein."

At Cathan, Oderic mentions pygmies of not more than three spans in height, who were deft at weaving cotton. It would be a matter of curious learning to notice the numerous writers who asserted that in Central Asia there were cities of these little folk. Schweinfurth and Livingstone heard traditions of their existence in Africa, and perhaps some day we may be able to explore the origin of this wide-spread myth.

Our traveler stayed at Cambalech three years, often visiting the Khan's court, which he affirms is the best appointed in the world. He also saw the Imperial Summer Palace, at Sandu, or, as Marco Polo spells it, Ciandu.

His taking leave of Cathay brings in the account of a rare melon which flourished on the Caspian hills, and which was told to him by trustworthy persons. This melon, when ripe, becomes of the shape of a little lamb. A fraud on our good friar! some might rashly declare. Scaliger says this plant has hoofs and ears complete, and is called *barometz*, which is Russian for lamb. Other writers say that the story refers only to the cotton plant. Passing over contradictory opinions, there is now well known to be a fern in Russia that bears a rude likeness to

an animal, being covered with silky down and with a soft, flesh-colored interior, sufficient to suggest its lamb-like nature. The plant and legend are felicitously treated by the elder Dr. Darwin in the "Loves of the Plants" in the lines:

"Cradled in snow and fanned by Arctic air.
Shines, gentle Barometz! thy golden hair;
Rooted in earth, each cloven-hoof descends,
And round and round her flexile neck she bends.
Crops the gray coral moss and hoary thyme,
Or laps with rosy tongue, the melting rime,
Eyes with mute tenderness her distant dam,
And seems to bleat, a vegetable lamb."

Returning from Cathay our tourist passes through the realm of Prester John, briefly saying, "but as regards him, not one hundredth part is true of what is told of him." Did not the friar weary, as he approaches the end, perhaps he would have said more of this person, of whom so many myths were extant.

He tells likewise of the "Old Man of the Mountain," which it seems is a popular tale all through the East. It is evidently true that a chieftain had a walled paradise, into which intoxicated youths were led, and, after a brief interval to glance about, were presented again with the stupefying draught, and carried out to awake in the belief, that they had seen the abode of the blessed.

Oderic relates something like the old witch tales, when he says the converts brought their idols to be burned, but when cast in the flames, the little images would nimbly leap out again, and it was only by use of holy water that they would be finally consumed.

There is reserved for the reader a direful marvel, as the conclusion. This experience is so weird and striking, that perhaps it is worth while to let him relate it in his own words:

"Another great and terrible thing I saw. For as I went through a certain valley which lieth by the River of Delights; I saw therein many dead corpses lying, and I heard also therein sundry kinds of music, but chiefly nakers [*nakkaras*, kettle-drums], which were marvelously played upon. And so great was the noise thereof that very great fear came upon me. Now, this valley is seven or eight miles long, and if any unbeliever enter

therein, he quitteth it never again, but perisheth incontinently. Yet I hesitated not to go in, that I might see once for all, what the matter was. And when I had gone in, I saw there, as I have said, such numbers of corpses as no one without seeing it would deem credible. And at one side of the valley in the very rock, I beheld, as it were, the face of a man, very great and terrible indeed, that for my exceeding great fear my spirit seemed to die in me. Wherefore I made the sign of the cross, and began continually to repeat, *verbum caro factum*; but I dared not at all to come nigh to that face, but kept seven or eight paces from it. And so I came at length to the other end of the valley, and there I ascended a hill of sand and looked around me. But nothing could I descry, only I still heard those nakers to play, which were played most marvelously. And when I got to the top of that hill I found there a great quantity of silver heaped up, as it had been fishes' scales, and some of this I put into my bosom. But as I cared naught for it, and was at the same time in fear lest it should be a snare to hinder my escape, I cast it all down again to the ground. And so by God's grace I came forth scathless. Then all the Saracens, when they heard of this, showed me great worship, saying that I was a baptized and holy man. But those who had perished in that valley they said belonged to the devil."

On this we may observe, that evidently the scene is not imaginary, but had some real experience as a basis. Of course, there is no such river as the "River of Delights," and hence it is difficult to determine the precise locality. It is supposed to refer to some ravine near the Rouk from Thibet. Many fearful defiles are mentioned by late travelers, one in particular, where the precipitous sides rise so close as partially to exclude the sun's rays at midday. This pass, we are told, was infested by robbers, who used to slay great numbers of people in the neighborhood. The sound of the *nakkaras*, or drums, taken in connection with the sandy hill, evidently refers to a phenomenon observed by Humboldt in South America, and by many travelers in Arabia. The low

murmuring sound, compared to a drum, is supposed by Sir David Brewster to be produced by the acoustic properties of the sands, causing a hollow vibration as they roll down the surface of the rock. The awful face in the cliff was probably one of the huge rock-sculptures, common in the vicinity, which in the obscurity of the narrow defile was well calculated to excite terror. We can readily perceive the effect of such gloomy surroundings on the receptive mind of our friar, who was familiar with the superstitious legends, then prevalent, as attaching to such lonely spots. Marco Polo and Rubruquis likewise tell of these deserts and solitudes frequented by evil genii, and even Pliny records like traditions of the wastes of Africa. At this day when so much half-regretful poetry is current extolling the "fair humanities of the old religions," which, we are told, peopled groves and brooks with objects of love, it is worth recalling, that in the hush of the wilderness, the same creative imagination beheld in nature's vast sublime forms, only the hovering mysterious outline of malignant specters.

Oderic's last adventure appears to have been one of those rare experiences that make an enduring effect on the reader's imagination. At this day it is but slightly modified in the stock tales of the professed story-teller in Turkey; and Colonel Yule thinks Bunyan had been reading an old version of it when he wrote Christian's escape from the valley of the Shadow of Death.

With this valley our author ceases, and appends his *jurat* in true legal form, and here too, the tired, blinking copyists were wont to scribble "An end to the Friar's long stories at last." The manuscripts generally state that Oderic longed again to return to the flowery kingdom of Cathay, but that on the day before the Ides of January 1331, he passed in triumph to the glory of the blessed.

Though we may miss in Oderic's book the sharp observation of Marco Polo, that prince of travelers, it is certainly not replete with the garrulity of many of the later tourists, and he can fairly maintain his position among the pioneers who opened up the road to further Asia.

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In the following twenty years, the merchants of Venice and Genoa began sending their wares to this new market of Cathay, and some of their ventures appear to have been of considerable magnitude. The tradesmen of that day, however, told few tales, as no merchant liked to disclose his path to his competitors. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the old dynasty of the khans crumbled, and the new policy was adopted of holding foreigners at a distance. The popes, it is true, sent out batches of friars from time to time, but they were never heard of after. A dark veil descended over the actual state of Cathay, which began to be forgotten until, a century and a half later, the Portuguese, rounding the cape, told of a new found Eastern realm. Not Cambalech nor Canscalan now, but instead are Pekin and Canton. Gradually the vague memories of Oderic were awakened, and when Marco Polo's and Oderic's itineraries had been consulted, some began to surmise that the Cathay of their ancestors and this modern China were identical. No historical accounts had, however, been yet received, and poets and romancers still associated with Cathay all the vague monastic legends of the earthly paradise.

It was this uncertain gleam of legendary light in that dark period that inspired Columbus to seek a short cut to the land of Polo and Oderic. Relying on those ancient descriptions rather than upon personal observations of the newly discovered shore, he sanguinely promised vast stores of gold; which, being never forthcoming, gave Ferdinand an excuse to degrade him from his command. Few passages in literature are more pathetic than the last letter of Columbus on his fourth voyage, written to the king from Jamaica in the year 1503. "I have not a hair upon my head that is not gray," the old hero writes; "my body is infirm, and all that was left to me, as well as to my brother, has been taken and sold, even to the frock that I wear." One thing enables him to bear up;—that is, the belief that the new province of Mago is near Cathay. He writes hopefully "that inland toward Cathay" (*que en la tierra aventro el Catayo*), they have garments inter-

woven with gold. A sad unfinished side to all human success seems inevitable, and Columbus too felt that this ever receding *el Catayo* was his unrealized ideal. He had been dead twenty years before the truth was discovered that a new world was revealed, and not the old one of the great khan; but it was much longer before the full truth about Cathay was understood.

In 1603 Benedict Goes started with the definite object of settling the question whether the Cathay of Oderic was the same as the China of which parallel wonders were then being related. "Benedict seeking Cathay found heaven," say the old chronicles, but not until he had ascertained that Cathay and China were one. The new accounts of China were certainly extravagant enough to please any reader, but the antique flavor of Polo and Oderic was lacking; and when the journey of Benedict had served to expunge the old names from the Asiatic maps, the sunny realm of Cathay, with all its associations, was annexed to the domain of poetry. The Chinese also might well recur to the dynasty of Oderic's time as one of their golden ages, when not only were the

kings of Persia and Prester John liegemen of the great khan, but when they had their heads unshaven, and while as yet no wearing of pigtailed was in vogue.

Perhaps it was after an evening over Marco Polo's account of the palace at Ciandu (or Sandu as Oderic writes it), that Coleridge dreamed the lines beginning

"In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph the sacred river ran."

Any one who should give himself the trouble of trying to trace out the results of an achievement upon a remote age will be aware of an element of uncertainty entering into the process which often tends to an overestimate of the effect of even the humblest book which adds to the general share of knowledge. The legitimate test is the spiritual force exerted on contemporaries. We would not, therefore, presume to dignify Oderic's sculptured memorial, by representing him as addressing the discoverers and poets of an after age. On the contrary, he looks better with his own flock, even the crouching, pigmy figures that huddle about his feet in the altar relief at Udine.

THE UNCONSCIOUS PROPHECIES OF HEATHENISM.

THE most impressive scene in the life of St. Paul is that which presents him standing upon the Areopagus and looking upon the shrines and statues of the gods, which witnessed at once to the effort and failure of humanity in its search after God. Beside him was the temple of Mars. Above him rose the portico of the Parthenon, of Minerva, while below, and upon every side rose smaller temples to Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, Æsculapius, Earth, ending with the lovely temple to Unwinged Victory. Every god in Olympus had there a place; every attribute man deemed to belong to the Divine, and also every fine feeling or aspiration of the human mind, had there a shrine.

These multiplied temples seemed to challenge the words of the apostle, "For God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

Around him, seated upon seats cut out of the rock, were the Judges of the Areopagite Court, and an eager, half-scornful, half-serious crowd thronged the hill to listen to this solitary preacher of Jesus and the resurrection. As his eye sweeps the throng and then passes down the hill-side taking in the many signs of religiousness which abound, it rests upon that mute, yet most eloquent, symbol of man's deepest yearning, and also of his fruitless efforts, the altar with the inscription "To the unknown God." Making that altar his text, he delivered an address which silenced every objector, and won to the worship of the one true God some who had as yet groped after him in vain. In order to win the heathen he avails himself of that which was true in their mythology, supports his arguments by quotations from

their poetry, and draws them away from polytheism, by telling them he brought the knowledge of that Unknown One whom they had ignorantly worshiped. In the words, "That Unknown God whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you," we have a noble contribution to the science of comparative theology. We place St. Paul in the same relation to this science that we place Lord Bacon to inductive philosophy. It has been said, "The science of comparative theology is at present in its infancy. The study of comparative anatomy has led to discoveries of which our parents never dreamed. That of comparative theology will prove no less fruitful in important results." It is safe to say, this branch of study is one of the most interesting, important, and fruitful which can engage the attention of the student. It has assumed a very prominent place in recent religious discussions, and must be greatly influential in both modifying or confirming the faith of many in the future. The keenest and strongest intellects, Christian, and anti-Christian, have been, and are, engaged earnestly in its investigations. The boldest assaults upon the divinity of the Christian religion have of late been based upon its real or supposed discoveries; while, on the other hand, some of the grandest demonstrations of its superiority over all other forms of faith and religion have been made by equally capable reasoners upon the same facts. The position taken by anti-Christian writers may be briefly formulated somewhat as follows:

"All nations and races of men have in all ages held definite religious beliefs.

"These religious ideas are largely the same in essential characteristics.

"Examination of the symbols by which these ideas have been expressed discloses remarkable similarities in all cases.

"Christianity formulates the same ideas, expresses them by the same symbols, and is therefore to be classed with the other religions of the world; being worthy of greater reverence only as it is higher in its conceptions of the Divine, purer in its worship, more elevated in its morality, and more beneficial in its influence."

This view of the subject places the Christian religion on a parallel line with Greek paganism, Hindoo Buddhism, and the other great religions which have, and do still enthrall the souls of men. This is the drift of much that has been written by such men as Inman, author of "Ancient Faiths, Embodied in Ancient Names;" "Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism," and other works of more radical and injurious tendency still; by Higgin's "Anacalepsis," Payne Knight's "Ancient Art and Mythology," and many others. On the other side we have such contributions as Lundy's "Monumental Christianity," Trench's "Hulsean Lectures," Baring-Gould's "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," Van Oosterzee's "Pre-Christian Anticipations of Christ in the Gentile World," which essay to prove that all religious ideas and aspirations of humanity, the product and expression of the religious instincts, intuitions and felt needs of the soul, are met by Christianity with its fundamental postulate, the incarnation, and the many truths connected therewith. Proving this the weapons of skepticism used against Christianity are turned upon those that wielded them, and made to defend the faith they were designed to destroy.

Says Trench, "These dim prophetic anticipations, the dreams of the world, so far from helping to persuade us that all we hold is a dream likewise, are rather that which ought to have preceded the world's awaking. These parhelia do not proclaim every thing else to be optical illusions, but announce and witness for a sun that is traveling unto sight."

The glory of Christianity, instead of being dimmed by these pre-Christian glimmerings, is but enhanced, for they show it to be the center from whence they all issued, the focus to which they all point.

A survey of the religions of the world discloses many remarkable resemblances of thought, modes of expression and forms of worship. Closer study must lead to the conclusion that these parallels can not be traced to traditions which at some time or other floated from patriarchal or Jewish sources. They

were rather the product of universally felt spiritual needs. The symbols of divine ideas found in them are the voices of the soul. The utterances of many of the ancient sages are as certainly the result of inspiration, the same in origin and kind, though not in form and degree, as is more clearly manifest in the religious ritual of Judaism and the sublime utterances of Hebrew seers. It would be a narrow and bigoted view of the world's history and God's connection therewith, that would limit the contact of the Holy Spirit with man to a single nation or to one book—which would grant inspiration to Isaiah and deny it to Homer or Virgil—would concede divine illumination to Paul and deny it to Plato. What the altar to the Unknown God was to Paul, the symbols, longings, and prophecies of heathenism are to us,—indications that man "was searching after God if haply he might find him."

It is evident that among the foremost nations of antiquity the profoundest philosophical and religious ideas were expressed by symbols. This was done that they might be the better taught and preserved. A symbol is the putting together of two things; namely, a truth or idea and a visible form. Language is but a symbol. A visible symbol is to the eye what a verbal symbol is to the ear, a mode of conveying thought to the mind. The inner man may be in many instances better reached by the former than the latter. There is little reason to doubt that the visible symbol was at first designed solely to represent some religious idea or truth. The great fault was, and in this we have the root and essence of all idolatry, whether pagan or Romish, that men by degrees restricted God to the symbol, and worshiped it rather than the Invisible, whose being and attributes it was designed to shadow forth. Rightly understood, however, these symbols were, many of them, mute prophecies of Him who alone reveals God to man; "the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his person."

The Gentile world were, scarcely less than the Jewish, looking for the kingdom of God, waiting for the redemption. Christ Jesus was not only the hope of Israel, but also the

desire of all nations. Not only do the Hebrew Scriptures speak of him, but the whole mythology of paganism is full of hope and anticipation. As the Messiah is the only key which can unlock the enigmas of Hebrew history and prophecy, so is he also the only one which can open the dim hieroglyphics of heathenism. The veil which hung over the temple of Saïs, with its strange inscription, "I am that which was and is, and is to come, and my veil hath no mortal drawn aside," hangs over all heathen forms and symbols. But it is drawn aside, by his hand of whom it was an unconscious prophecy.

It has been well said, "if you would understand the deeper movements and desires of a people, read their poets." Certainly the poets of paganism have been the special revealers of the people's hearts. Burdened, sad, conscious of much evil and pain, they are pregnant with hopes that all the ills of the present life will by some benign power be dispelled. This is expressed in the ancient myth of Pandora. When Jupiter, said Hesiod three thousand years ago, offended with man, wished to punish him, he commanded Vulcan to prepare a most beautiful woman. Graced with every perfection, she received at the hands of Jove a sealed box full of gifts for man. Under the impulse of curiosity the box is opened, and the contents, a multitude of sorrows and evils, are scattered abroad. Only one gift remains behind as the lid is hastily closed, and that is "Hope." Many have seen the principal significance of this, in the opening of the box, and its suggestions of the fatal curiosity of Eve. But rather, I think, its force and teaching are in the closing of the box whereby Hope was retained, so that, amid all the sorrows and evils of life, in the darkness of the present, hope remains, ever pointing before and showing the bright to-morrow.

The ancient world is certainly no Inferno, with the well-known inscription of Dante: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Its voices are not all wailings. Amid its discordances we can hear the sweet voice of Hope singing her wondrous song of salvation to be revealed.

Christ as a divine incarnation is the fun-

damental doctrine of Christianity; God manifest in the flesh for man's redemption, is the pivot upon which the whole Christian system turns. Greek art has given to the world the finest conceptions of human beauty and strength. Apollo and Venus will always be the models of masculine and feminine beauty. But was this entirely the result of a sensuous love of the beautiful? On the contrary, it was the expression of the thought that if God, the infinite beauty, did reveal himself, the human form would be the fittest vehicle for that manifestation. Hercules, Achilles, Castor and Pollux, earthly sons of a heavenly father, were dim prophecies of the looked-for Son of God and Son of man. The apotheosis of a Roman Caesar was but the troubled speaking, out of man's sense, that the leader of men should be more than man. Thus, unconsciously, classic mythology is full of the thought of incarnation.

Turn now to India.

"Light travels from afar in the East, old times become young," said the poet Novalis. Recent investigations in the ancient books and symbolism of that land of wonders have given new meaning to the words.

The idea of the incarnation of God is very prominent in the religion of that land. It is expressed, it is true, in fantastic and often monstrous forms, yet very clearly defined.

The Vishnu Purana informs us that, "The divine Vishnu, himself the root of the vast universal tree, inscrutable by the understandings of all gods, demons, sages, and men, past, present, or to come, adored by Brahma and all the deities; he who is without beginning, middle, or end, being moved to relieve the earth of her load, descended into the womb of Devaki, and was born as her son Vasudeva. At his birth the earth was relieved from all iniquity; the sun, moon, and planets shone with unclouded splendor; all fear of calamitous portents disappeared, and universal happiness prevailed. From the moment he appeared all mankind were led into the righteous path in him."

In Moor's "Hindu Pantheon" is a copy of a beautiful picture of Devaki and Krishna, the

mother and the divine child. It is really the Hindoo Madonna, and many of the Papist representations of Mary and Jesus are almost fac-similes of it. Devaki sits with the infant Krishna at the breast; a tree with three branches, symbol of the Trinity, is behind her. A female figure, representing the devotion of the Church in all lands, kneels at her feet, and in the distance the garden of Paradise is seen which Krishna came to restore.

This is but one of many incarnations, with accounts of which Hindoo Pantheism abounds, shadowing forth the one incarnation in Jesus Christ.

From India to China, from China to Persia, and from Persia to Egypt, we must pass very rapidly. According to the best authorities, long ages before our era, there existed in China a deep-seated conviction that the idolatry existing was a corruption of a purer faith. Their sacred books expressed the belief that this corruption would be replaced by a worship of pristine purity. This was to be accomplished by a great hero who should be named Kuinthe, or Shepherd and Prince, who was called "the Very Holy"—Highest Truth Universal Teacher—who should suffer in order to restore all things. Confucius, six centuries before Christ, spoke of a Holy One who should arise in the West who should be greater than himself.

In Persia we find legends of the time when man lived happily under the rule of the God of light until seduced by evil in the form of a viper, and Mithras is placed as a mediator between God and man. Zoroaster was at first regarded as the deliverer who had been promised. But he taught the magi to expect a greater deliverer, who should overcome Ahriman, the great serpent or principle of evil. The Zoroastrian prophecy runs thus:

"In the latter times a virgin shall conceive and bear a child without intercourse with a man, and when he is born a star shall appear, shining in the day-time, in the midst of which the form of the virgin mother shall be seen.

"When, therefore, ye behold it go the way it shall lead you, worship the new-born

child, and offer him your gifts. He is the Word who established the heavens."

In Egypt we have not so much, but even there we find depicted upon old monuments the goddess Isis with her child Horus, who afterwards slew Typhon, the great serpent.

No thoughtful student will deny that the expectation of a deliverer from the pains and sorrows of the present life, and from the penalties of the future, is as universal as mankind. Prophecies of this deliverer are very numerous, and found in all lands. Of these the fable of Prometheus is, perhaps, one of the fullest. Prometheus, having fallen under the displeasure of Jupiter, is bound with chains upon a rock in the Caucasus; but this punishment does not break his pride, and he holds the secret that the time will come when the scepter shall fall from the hands of the supreme god himself.

The blandishments of Mercury fail to win the secret from him, and he is hurled into Tartarus, where a deathless eagle gnaws his liver. This is to be his condition until some god shall come as a substitute for his sufferings, who shall be willing to descend into unilluminated Hades and the gloomy depths of Tartarus. He is upheld, however, by the promise that from the hapless Io shall come a son, born from the touch of Jove's fingers, who shall slay the eagle and burst the fetters. At length he comes—the great Hercules—overcoming all opposers, and with resistless arrow slays the eagle, and with his own hand breaks the captive's chain. Prometheus is humanity, proud and rebellious, bound with chains of evil. The eagle is remorse and sorrow preying upon man's soul. Io meets her interpretation in the Virgin Mary, who conceives by the power of the Holy Ghost and brings forth Jesus, the true Hercules, who to redeem many descends into Hades himself; and man saved and humbled takes upon himself the yoke of his deliverer, and is crowned with peace. Achilles, vulnerable only in his heel, points to Him who shall bruise the serpent's head and at the same time die wounded in his heel. Apollo, spoken of as the willing savior of distressed mankind, slaying the Typhon, yet dying in the struggle, was

prophetic of Christ crucified, dead, and buried. The Sun-god of Persia was a type of the Sun of Righteousness the deliverer from all evil. A remarkable picture from the Hindoo is given by Maurice—where Krishna is represented as standing with his heel upon the head of the great serpent Kalinaga and crushing it to death.

The world has ever longed for freedom, peace, and prosperity. Legends of a golden age, when the earth rejoiced in these, when no slave toiled in bondage, no war-trump sounded, and no widows wailed, belong to all people. Hopes that this good time would come again seem to be ever present. Sometimes the view of human life, as manifest in the poets of paganism, is so sad as to be near despair. Deep insight into the misery of man, recognition of sin as its source, and disappointment at the failure of all attempts at deliverance from the many sorrows that encompassed men, make up the perpetual refrain of all their song. Yet amid all this the longing for freedom from sin and for peace of soul mingled with the desire for a higher life broke out into a cry which sounded like an echo of the words of Isaiah: "Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down."

Orpheus restoring harmony to a discordant world, subduing the savage passions of the race, and opening the gates of the grave by his wondrous melody, is no mean type of Christ. We see him in art and poetry charming the untamed brute, and rending the rocks with the sweet sounds that issue from his lute or lyre. It is the law of love to God and man, revealed by Jesus, the true Orpheus, which is to restore the reign of peace and harmony to the world. As Orpheus subdued the denizens of the forest, so this love stills the pride, lust, and clamor of the souls of men, and creates the kindness and charity which will make music and gladness for the nations. As Orpheus went with his lyre into Hades, so Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison. His Gospel sounded throughout the world shall restore love and beauty, peace and prosperity in all lands. Passion, hate, ambition, all that mars and injures shall be banished, and the song of gladness peal from the lips

of the nations drawn from vice to virtue, from sin to holiness, and the strain shall be that which first swelled over Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Just previous to the advent of Christ flourished Virgil, one of the greatest of ancient poets. In language of wonderful beauty he describes, in his fourth Eclogue, a glorious prospect to be looked for at the birth of a child, near at hand; himself living in a time of war and dissolution. He says:

"Comes the last age, by Cumæ's maid foretold,
Afresh the mighty line of years unrolled:
The Virgin now, now Saturn's away returns,
Now the blest globe a heaven-sprung child adorns,
Whose genial power shall whelm earth's iron race,
And plant once more the golden in its place."

To say this is no prophecy because it refers to a child born to a Roman Emperor is unjust.

Upon that principle neither David, Solomon, nor Cyrus was typical of Christ. Well says Van Oosterzee, "Whoever may ridicule or disapprove, we frankly confess we find in this prediction certainly something more than an instance of accidental and unmeaning resemblance." We hail Virgil as an unconscious prophet of the Lord Jesus, whose pen was dipped in the same golden light that rapt Isaiah's when he pictured the reign of Immanuel with the lion and lamb, ox and bear feeding together, and the unweaned child playing upon the serpent's den.

Among the Jews there were two conceptions of the Messiah. One represented him as without form or comeliness, the other as the fairest among ten thousand. Perhaps this was an unconscious symbol of the union of divine and human in him, and of the strange antithesis of grandeur and abasement that marked his life. Christian art has perpetuated these two conceptions. One Christ, the suffering man, the other the Victorious, more than man. As the divine sufferer, he is often spoken of as the lamb of God. The figure of a lamb and cross is among the earliest of Christian symbols. Among other Phœnician antiquities in possession of Raoul Rochette, and reproduced by Lundie, are two medals bearing upon them the image of

a lamb and cross, plainly showing that the pagan world had the idea of sacrifice and suffering as the price of eternal life.

The cross was in pre-Christian times not only a symbol of life, but of the suffering necessary to gain eternal life. The crucifixion of Krishna has been referred to, also the suffering of Horus, the son of Isis, in his contest with the serpent, both of which seem to have been prophetic.

The Vedas contain many passages marvelously predictive of the lamb slain from the foundation of the world. In Moor's "Hindu Pantheon" is a remarkable plate, which is believed to be anterior to Christianity. It represents a man crucified in space; his hands and feet bear nail prints, and his head is surrounded by a nimbus, the Parthian coronet of seven points. A most impressive figure of the victim—man, priest, and victim in one—of the Hindoo mythology who offered himself before the world was.

And here we may recall the wondrous words of Plato. I will quote them: "Let him (the righteous man) be despoiled of every thing, even of the semblance of righteousness, and only righteousness be left him. Irreproachable, let him be suspected of every crime. Let us test his virtue. I would expose him to infamy and its torments. But let him walk with a firm step to the tomb, encompassed by false accusations, yet still virtuous. Let him be beaten with rods, subjected to chains and tortures, and after having endured all these sufferings let him expire upon a cross." This is Plato's ideal; surely we are at no loss to find out its realization. Even Rousseau reading the words was compelled to recognize the portrait of the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs."

Nor are these merely idle and barren speculations. They enlarge our views of the connection of God with humanity. Have we not been too much inclined to regard the pagan world as destitute of all light save such as came from nature or tradition?

Farrar, in his "Seekers after God," remarks, "To say that Thales pieced a philosophy from fragments of Jewish truth learned in Phœnicia, that Pythagoras and

Democritus availed themselves of Hebraic traditions collected during their travels; that Plato is a mere Atticising Moses, that Seneca corresponded with St. Paul; are assertions as false as that Homer was thinking of Genesis when he described the shield of Achilles, or that Miltiades won the battle of Marathon by copying the strategy of the battle of Beth-horon. Rather let us believe their god and our God did not leave himself without a witness in the darkest hours of pagan night; that he aided them in their search after himself, and many times led them by a way they knew not; yea, more, that our Savior was, and is, their Savior, and accepted their marred service as the best they could offer unto him, until greater light could be poured into their souls.

For the great work of the Church, to teach all nations, it needs men who can go to the nations held in the grasp of these mightily perverted but still forms of faith, and taking advantage of the truth of their systems lead them to higher truth, to speak to them as Paul spake of the unknown God, which they ignorantly worship. Taking the scarlet thread of truth which runs through all the myths and monstrosities of their faith, even these heathens may be led to recognize the true incarnation, the true cross, the true Savior, he of whom their monstrous and mythical incarnations were unconscious types, and voices crying in the wilderness.

In this view do we not find cause for deeper love for Christ, and for greater faith in the Gospel, as the final, complete, and sufficient revelation of God to man?

The effort to reduce Christ to the level of the world's greatest sages fails when subjected to honest examination. The grandeur and glory of the Gospel is wonderfully enhanced as we see that it rests not upon external evidence alone, but is in harmony with all the universal religious intuitions of our race.

Our faith in the triumph of the Gospel over all other forms of faith is thus not a little strengthened; all other religions are only ethnic; Christianity is CATHOLIC. It does not take from any other religion a solitary grain of its truth, but rather strips it of the errors and incrustations that deface it, and reveals its original and native beauty.

It meets truth wherever found with fuller truth. It gives to souls, groping in the twilight, a broad and cloudless day. All the needs of the soul are met and satisfied by it.

It was a favorite notion of some of the Fathers, that when Christ Jesus rose from the dead all the gods of the Pantheon were swept away; which fancy may also have been prophetic of that power of truth which shall hurl from their thrones all the forms of error which debase and enslave the souls of men; so that upon the ruins of perverted faiths he shall build that great spiritual temple, which filled the visions of the ancient seer, through whose ever open gates the nations of the earth shall flow in, and find in him the response to every voice that speaks within them, and from humanity redeemed and saved shall rise, as with one voice, the ascription:

"Thou, O Christ, art Lord over all, to the glory of God the Father."

HOW SHALL WE KNOW?

HOW shall we know about that other life,
The life we can not measure with our thought,
But toward which we send our longings out,
Like white doves skimming depths of dreary sea,
For rock whereon the weary foot may rest,
Or olive-branch of promise for the soul?

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT.

AT length, at this writing, in the early days of March, the long agony respecting the question of the presidency of the nation, for the coming quadrennium, seems to be over; and, after an unprecedented course of strugglings and strainings at the seat of government, Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, has been inducted into that high office of President of the United States and has entered upon the discharge of its duties. As a party triumph or defeat we have nothing to say about it; for, indeed, we can care but very little for any thing of the kind in the presence of the tremendous interests not only involved, but fearfully imperiled, in the conflict through which the government has passed to the present stage, and the terrible strain to which our institutions have been subjected. As when one escapes from a shipwreck or railroad slaughter, he finds himself not at all disposed to speak slightly of the past nor to exult with a light heart over the present, so our deep sense of the greatness of the nation's peril (that was), arising from the complications of the late election, incline us much more to sober thoughtfulness than to high joy. Never since the founding of the government has it been brought to such a fearfully delicate crisis, with the most abundant and the most desperate elements of mischief at hand and actively at work. Our escape from anarchy and revolution, from becoming simply a second and larger Mexico—the arena in which rival parties and partisans shall contend in arms and intrigues for the possession of office and the power to plunder—seems to have been eminently providential; for scarcely ever before has human wisdom seemed to be so utterly at fault.

As the dust and smoke of the battle clears away, and the frenzy of passion gives place to reason, men will ask for the causes that lead to this conflict, and will seek to know what are

the conditions that made it possible. All who love their country and desire to enjoy the blessings of good government, have an interest in the stability of the public institutions, and desire their perpetuation without violent or revolutionary changes; and few persons whose own experience has never exposed them to the horrors of anarchy can adequately appreciate the value of the reign of law to its individual subjects. It was in view of this, rather than from any judgment respecting the comparative excellence, or otherwise, of the then existing government, that the apostle enjoined subjection to the "powers that be," and also prayers for rulers, "that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives." Our personal liberties and the quiet possession and enjoyment of our property, the safety of our homes, and the integrity of the family circle—all that is dearest to us in life, are secured to us only through the law's protection. Quite beyond all considerations of party affinities or lines of administrative policy, the maintenance of the institutions and laws of the country must be a matter of paramount concern. Our escape, in this case (if, indeed, it is really an escape), from disastrous complications has been quite too narrow, and the apparent possibilities, for a long time, of the most fearful miscarriages of all attempts at adjustments, should warn us of the greatness of our peril, and incite us to earnest efforts by some means to guard against its recurrence in the future. Having weathered the storm that seemed for a time to threaten destruction, the good ship of state should now be, as far as possible, secured against such dangers hereafter.

The first great necessity of the case is that every point in the provisions for making the election for President and Vice-president, from the votes of the citizens to the declaration of the election and the installation of the chosen candidate, shall be clearly and definitely determined by law. The doing of this in the first

and most important stages of the work is with the several State governments; for it must not be forgotten that it is as citizens of their several States that the freemen vote for President of the United States. The election of that officer is not given by the constitution to the aggregate body of the people, but to the States, which have the right to adopt, each, its own method of expressing its purpose in the matter; and yet it may be desirable that there should be some good degree of uniformity of methods in the several States. But whatever method may be adopted should so definitely indicate each step to be taken, and so clearly designate the particular officer by whom each act should be performed, that there could be no uncertainty nor possible conflict of authority; and when the vote of a State has been taken according to the provisions of its own laws, there should be no uncertainty in respect to the further processes by which such vote should be counted at Washington, and the result of the combined votes of all the States declared. If this were done, duplicate and conflicting returns from any State would be impossible; and, the State having in due form indicated its choice, the authorities at the seat of government would be charged with only the ministerial and clerical duty of opening, reading, and declaring the votes of each of the States severally, and of the whole as an aggregate; naming, of course, the persons duly elected, if any. For very obvious reasons it is clear that it is alike unsafe and improper that the two houses of Congress should, as such and officially, have any thing to do with the final determination of a presidential election. It is not an office over which Congress has any rightful control; nor is the President of the United States, strictly, the elect of the people, but of the States, as such, acting agreeably to their own laws.

It seems to be conceded that the scheme prescribed by the constitution, of electoral colleges in the several States, is both cumbersome in its action and unsatisfactory in its results. No doubt some simpler and better method might be substituted. The original design of such an arrangement, that the chosen electors should exercise their personal discretion in casting their votes for President and Vice-president, was never carried out; perhaps never could have been. Our electors are chosen to vote for some certain man, and for no other, and to that duty

they are bound by every principle of fidelity and honor; and so fully and strongly has this been felt that, during all these times of partisan conflicts and of political corruption, no chosen elector has ever proved false to his trust. To the depth of infamy that would result from such a betrayal no one has ever proved base enough to descend. The people do, therefore, vote for certain persons, for the highest offices under the constitution, but not directly; and for this indirection of method there does not appear to be any sufficient reason.

But the whole spirit and genius of the national constitution, that compact or form of government by which the many became one without entirely losing their separate individualities, is opposed to the idea of making the choice of a President to turn upon the popular votes of the aggregate mass of all the voters of the country. There is a limit set to the tendency towards the fusion of the States into a consolidated unity, and especially at this very point of the election of the Chief Magistrate is the individuality of the State most sacredly conserved. This is seen, in the first place, in the additional two electoral votes conceded to each State—the smallest as well as the greatest—over and beyond what could be allowed on a merely proportional apportionment on the basis of population; while, in case of a failure to elect by a majority of electoral votes, then the choice devolves upon the House of Representatives, the votes to be taken by States, and each State being the full equal of any other. If, indeed, it may seem that this latter method might result in a choice so widely removed from the wishes of the people as to be the occasion of danger; yet, in whatever modifications may be made in this matter, good faith towards the smaller States, and regard for the clearly ascertained designs of the framers of the constitution, must forbid the disregarding of the rights of Statehood. Our States are not in respect to the nation simply territorial subdivisions, like counties and townships and parishes within a State; they are political entities, possessed of reserved rights, brought with them into their federal relations to the general government, which rights are duly recognized and jealously guarded by the constitution. It ought to be enough to say in opposition to any proposi-

tion looking to absolute consolidation in this matter, that the original compact was reached only because it was clearly stipulated that the rights of the States, as such, would be sacredly observed.

We are, indeed, prepared to go further than this, and to claim that what is secured in the compact is not only for that reason to be preserved, but also and especially because it is good and desirable for its own sake. Personal liberty is among the most valuable of earthly possessions, and its protection is among the highest duties of law and government; but local self-government is very closely related to personal freedom, and the security of the latter requires the safe-keeping of the former. With a country so broad and varied as is ours, and composed of peoples so diverse from each other, no common central legislation or administration of local officers is possible without the most violent overriding of the tastes, usages, and the substantial interests of the people. It may be well for the American people to remember that there is, with us, more danger from the centralization of governmental power than in its widest diffusion. State rights means personal rights.

The experiences of the immediate past seem to indicate that once each four years is too often to go through with the labors and excitements and uncertainties that come with a presidential election. The frequent return of power to its original sources is, no doubt, wholesome in a free government; but some degree of stability is also desirable; and an election when it has been completed ought to determine something, and to be followed by a season of settled policy and action for a term sufficiently extended to permit it to work out its purposes. A hamlet or country township may altogether properly, and without inconvenience, choose its officers year by year; but for a great State, or even a city of a million people, that term would be inconveniently short. When our government was established for only about four millions of people, four years for the presidential term may have been long enough; but with ten times that number of people, and with affairs and interests magnified in still greater proportions and almost infinitely complicated, what was then sufficiently long has become altogether too brief.

Has any body ever attempted to reckon up

and set in order the expense of a presidential election in money or its equivalent? Beginning with the caucusing and caballing of the professional politicians, whose occupation is nearly perennial, and advancing from primary meetings, through town, county, and State, to national conventions, with the cost of printing, postage, rents, public meetings, and all the agencies and paraphernalia of a "campaign," what vast sums must be spent, to be paid for or lost by somebody! If this were necessary for the protection of the liberties of the people and the maintenance of our free institutions; if, indeed, it tended in that direction, we would not grudge the expenditure, great as it certainly is; but if, on the contrary, it is not needed, and has no such tendency, then it may not be amiss to ask, "why is this waste?" It surely is no small matter to set in order a political contest in which forty millions of people are to be influenced, and the votes of a fifth of that number actually polled, and the account of them carried forward through all the required stages up to the board of final canvassing at the seat of the general government.

But great as may be this labor and pecuniary cost, these are but trifles compared with the evil influences wrought upon the general business of the country; for it has come to be understood that the year of the general election is an unfavorable one for business, and still more for the morals and manners of the people. These caucusings and schemings; these dividings of the spoils in advance, and discounting gains that are never to be realized; these strange comminglings of the good and bad together, according to the proverb that "politics makes strange bed-fellows," can not fail of the most disastrous consequences. Many a husband and father has been lured by such associations away from his home and domestic duties; many an honest and thrifty tradesman, mechanic, or farmer has been thus drawn into company and into pursuits and practices that have proved his undoing; many a devout and pure-minded Christian man has found in his political zeal and its consequences the extinguisher of his zeal for his higher and more sacred calling. No doubt our popular elections are inseparable from our form of government, and that their advantages much more than compensate for all their evils; it, therefore, seems desirable, while retaining as far as

possible all the good they may offer, to reduce their evils to a *minimum*. Too many elections are not favorable to the true purposes for which such popular utterances are sought, because the people can not afford to devote the necessary time and attention to such things when they are of such frequent occurrence. It is now found that in many of the less general elections the whole business falls into the hands of the professional politician, and the decisions reached are no just expression of the will of the people. Fewer elections would, no doubt, better express the popular desire.

A seven years' term for the presidency, with an accepted or perhaps legally enforced ineligibility for a second term, would obviate not a few evils that are now suffered and secure many advantages that we have not. More frequent elections for lower offices would afford all necessary and wholesome political activity to the people; would still keep the popular element alive and dominant in the government, and by separating the presidential election from those for other public offices would tend to prevent the absolute dominance of any one party in the government. Whenever, therefore, this whole matter of electing the President shall be reconstructed, as certainly it must be before long, it may be hoped that the policy of extending the term of that office will be duly considered.

It is, also, especially desirable that the force of the popular will shall not be thrown upon the machinery of government all at once and too suddenly. The arrangements for perpetuating the Senate of the United States, by the retirement of one-third of the members, at intervals of two years, is an eminently judicious and conservative one, the spirit of which might be advantageously introduced into other departments. As matters now stand a temporary impulse, that could not possibly continue more than a few weeks, occurring at the season of a general election, may revolutionize the whole policy of the government, against the sober judgment of the people themselves; whereas, if only a minority of the public officers had been chosen at that time such a catastrophe would have been avoided.

Among the important, though somewhat difficult, subjects in our popular policy is that of the rights of minorities and how to effectually protect them. The principle that the majority should rule is good as a general law

of popular government, but their right to do so is not an absolute one. Minorities have their rights also, which should be as far as possible protected and made effective. In a popular government, duly organized and regulated by recognized fundamental laws, it may sometimes happen that minorities of the people control a majority of the representatives, and so actually govern. And since such may be only the natural and legitimate result of the operation of a system designed for the general good, all law-abiding citizens will cheerfully accept it and render due service and honor. A pretty near approach to a just representation of minorities may, however, be reached by making the constituencies for choosing representatives as small as the case will bear. This is accomplished in respect to congressional representation by making all the elections by single districts, so that the members from the same States may pretty fairly express the divided preferences of the people. But in respect to the choice of the President the case is quite the opposite. The undivided vote of New York or Pennsylvania is given for one or the other of the candidates, though the popular vote in either of these States was pretty evenly divided between them. This might be avoided by choosing the electors by congressional districts, and then, to give due advantage to the majority as well as to pay due honor to the Statehood, the majority of the electors so chosen might name the two that should go to fill up the full number, according to the States represented in the two houses of Congress. This is a simple and entirely practicable expedient, against which there seems to be no valid objections, and, therefore, it should be adopted. Other expedients have been proposed, and in some cases adopted, for securing the rights of minorities; but usually with only indifferent success.

But the greatest curse of our government and of the politics of the country, and that which seems beyond every other to defy all treatment for its cure, is the character of the civil service. From the very beginning of the government there has been a steady and ever increasing pressure, made by those without upon those in power, for places of profit and emolument. The applicants and aspirants for the offices of the government exceed by many fold the places to be filled; and, accordingly,

those without are steadily aiming at the places held by those within. This struggle for place has, indeed, become a chief factor in all the political problems of the country. Men despairing of gaining their ends through the party in power, join themselves to the opposition hoping to overthrow those now in possession and to succeed to their places. The offices of the civil service, the least as well as the greatest, are thus set up as prizes to be contended for in the campaign canvass, and at the polls, and with an audacity that would be sublime were it not so ruinously destructive of the public interest, it is publicly proclaimed, even in high places, that "to the victor belong the spoils." But offices given as rewards for services rendered are quite naturally considered not as requiring duties but rather as affording pay, and so the public service falls into the hands of incompetents and those indisposed to render the duties required; and, as each incumbent of a place knows the uncertainty of the tenure by which it is held, he becomes, on the one hand, an intense partisan of the party in power; and, on the other, the perpetual subject of temptations to play the part of the unjust steward and use the opportunity now enjoyed to provide for the not improbable future, when his opportunity shall

cease. This gangrene of the public service is almost absolutely pervasive of the whole system, and every-where its character and tendency is the same—to demoralize at once the service and all who are engaged in it—to cheat the government and to transform the politics of the country into a sordid self-seeking of the lowest and most debasing character.

But who shall rise up to confront and destroy this monster? President Grant could subdue the great Rebellion, but he failed in his endeavor to reform the Civil Service of the country. It can not be done except with the approval and co-operation of the two houses of Congress, of which nearly every member of both is personally interested in the perpetuation of the crying abuse. The new President stands pledged to confront the evil. The freemen of the nation will give him their moral support and will pray for his success, but this demon will prove itself very hard to be exorcised.

It is a good time for the American people to pause and consider these things; and, in the long interval of quiet that may be expected—may it prove to be one of good feeling also—may it not be hoped that something may be done for the cure of the evils that we have presented to view.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

BIRMAH.

A MONARCH'S AMUSEMENT.—It is now considered the thing among the monarchs of the distant East to have a battery of the famous Krupp cannon from Prussia, and thus these instruments of death have found their way to the Shah of Persia, the Mikado of Japan, and the Emperor of China. This fact came to the ears of the King of Birmah, whose land in Farther India lies on the banks of the Irawady, and he could have no rest until he also had obtained a few of these inimitable guns. The wicked English, with whom he is so often at war, and who have robbed him of some of his finest coast lands on the Bay of Bengal, made some objections to the passage of these cannon through their territory to Birmah; but these were finally overcome, and a few months ago

the "Lord of the Seven Umbrellas," and his "Majesty of the Golden Foot," saw ranged on the banks of the stream near his capital city of Mandalay some twenty-four of this artillery.

These wonderful instruments, of which his majesty had heard so much, having arrived, must of course be tested, and this was done under the orders of the King, which shows how cruelly an Oriental monarch can dispose of the life and property of his subjects. The battery was so arranged as to stop the passage of the river in case the English with their steamers should endeavor to force their way up to Mandalay. A passing rice-vessel gave the desired object; the King himself aimed one of the cannon at the unsuspecting craft, the ball struck home, and the ship sank, while the crew were drowned; the King danced with

joy at Krupp's magic wand of death. And now he wished to see whether these guns would really carry as far as he had been told. On the opposite shore there lay a peaceful village among bamboos and palms and rice-fields; this became his target. All Mandelay flocked to the shore of the river in order to witness the imposing spectacle, and after a few fruitless shots the gun did its duty; the village stood in flames. According to the accounts the inhabitants ran like madmen out of their burning houses, and in so comical a way, that the King nearly split his sides with laughter. But the monarch having had such jolly fun with his Krupp guns, wanted still a little more; his appetite increased by eating. Looking around for a little more food for his powder, his eye fell on the mass of good people that had streamed forth from Mandelay. What right had they to be simple spectators? Why should they not also have a taste of Krupp? He ordered a gun to be loaded with cartridges, and sent them whizzing among the multitude. The effect was magical, they all disappeared like a flash—except twenty—men, women, and children, that lay dead or dying on the spot. The King was delighted, however,—and now Krupp's name is nowhere more revered than in Birmah. He has also heard how the English, during the Sepoy rebellion, lashed the rebels to the cannon's mouth, and blew them into atoms, and now in future he proposes to execute all his criminals in this way at the mouth of Krupp guns. His majesty now looks forward with confidence to a war with the English, who had better try to utilize their influence in Birmah, which is very great, by giving the King a few lessons in the name of humanity at home.

THE FATHER-LAND.

MORE LIGHT.—The Germans have for many years paid us a heavy tribute for our petroleum oil, which has become so popular abroad that it is burned in the lowliest cabins, which causes it to be sent across the ocean to the amount of millions of dollars annually. As long as it was so cheap as it has been for several years, it was always welcome; but now it is received with a good deal of grumbling on account of the heavy score that it runs up. The Germans have just waked up to the idea that Providence ought to provide them with

the means of light just as well as the greedy Yankees, and they are asking their scientists why they can not have oil also in the bowels of the earth. This question has just been answered by Dr. Meyn, of Hamburg, in an address before a Scientific Association, in which he gives some interesting details in regard to extensive searchings already made with a view to find rock-oil. He declares that Hanover, Brunswick, and Holstein show in many places evidences of oil, and that the waste and dreary regions of the heath of Luneburg evidently have oil. In short, he finds that in many sections of North Germany this oil in a very crude state has been obtained for some time, and has been used as a common lubricator for machinery. One village has a pit that gives from twelve to fifteen thousand pounds yearly, and has been known for two hundred years, though no one seemed to suspect that it could be used for ordinary illumination.

They have recently sent for an American expert to examine this spot, who, by boring and extensive surface examination, declares the find "to be good for thirty millions of barrels." Now so great a quantity in one place points to immense reservoirs lying in wait for the hand of skill to utilize them. And still in other places where people have lately taken the trouble to examine, they find an astonishing amount of this illuminating material on the very surface of the earth. At the village of Edesse it is reported that petroleum gushes forth from the marshy soil when pressed by the foot. At Oberg they bored for petroleum; when at a depth two hundred and fifty feet inflammable gas burst forth, which greatly interfered with the boring machinery. But where such a mass of gas is generated there must be much inflammable material. According to Dr. Meyn, the Germans have for some years made occasional efforts to bore for oil, but they needed pluck and endurance, for they gave up entirely too soon, and in addition to this they started with too little capital. But there is clearly a very broad field here and a wide range for speculation, and the Doctor closed his address with these significant words: "I flatter myself that in view of the enormous wealth of oil already hinted at in these contracted ranges of observation, and the large unexplored regions lying between these oil-pits

already discovered, that you will not accuse me of exaggeration when I declare it to be my conviction that it lies within the range of possibility that these heaths of North Germany may some time yield a wealth of oil not inferior to that of the United States, and economically of more value to a country than the diamond fields of the Cape, the gold diggings of California, or the silver mines of Nevada. A magnificent goal is here set up for the intelligence of German geologists, the skill of German engineers, and the persistence of German capital." We suggest that all the Germans now need for success is, that our producers on this side should keep up the price of our own material.

HOLLAND.

THE LAST SKATING SEASON.—It may be all well enough for us to play at the matter of skating in our rinks and parks, but it takes the Holland Dutch to make a business of the sport. Their numerous canals connecting all the important cities afford the finest fields for skating courses, and the moment they are frozen over, old and young, men, women, and children, are on skates for the season. The post-boy delivers his letters, the doctor makes his visits, and the children go to school on skates; the men go to their business and the women to market and to church on skates. As their object is more to make long journeys or quick time than to cut fancy flourishes, they are quite inclined to seek after practical skates that are easily put on and sit firmly on the foot, and, strange to say, we are supplying them with these from our side of the water. Indeed, their complacency and good sense in this regard have been rather the inducement to show them the compliment of the attention bestowed in this paragraph. If they take our skates, it rather behooves us to know how they handle them. In speed and endurance these Dutch skaters are a marvel. There are Hollanders who will visit half a dozen cities or more in a day by means of their canals. Some years ago a party buckled on their skates in Leyden at half past seven o'clock in the morning, and before evening took them off in Leenworden, a distance of well-nigh one hundred miles in a straight line, though they could by no means go in such a line. This speed is frequently interfered with by rough ice and

open places, but they possess rare skill in springing over any of the latter. During the last Winter there were races on skates for long and short distances; one at Leenworden was for a prize of a gold watch, in which about fifty persons participated. The course was about two hundred yards, which was passed over in sixteen seconds, and at a subsequent race in another town the same distance was performed in fourteen seconds. If one could keep up this rate of speed for a day it would be possible to go from Holland to Paris in twelve hours, quite a good speed for the rail. After Holland the art of skating is next brought to the greatest perfection in the public parks of Prussia. On the waters of the Spree Forest, which is largely interspersed with little ponds and lakes, the skaters appear in great numbers, and many leave the neighboring city of Berlin for a season of skating on these natural canals of the lowlands and swampy regions. In the famous park at the border of the great capital an immense amount of skating is done by the fashionable world, and on the river Spree itself it is the custom to have a sort of Ice Carnival during the Winter.

GREECE.

THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS.—The islands of the Archipelago have not been able to escape the extraordinary excitement attendant on the strife between the Turks and Russians, as their fate largely depends on the Power that rules at Constantinople. They have, therefore, been visited of late more than usual by enterprising letter-writers to European journals, in search of something to throw a little mellow shading on the turmoil and horrors of war. The views of visitors in regard to them are quite different; some feel that the struggle between Islam and Christianity carried on in so many of them in opposition to the invading Turk, has reduced them to a condition from which they can scarcely recover, while others regard these beautiful gems of a most beautiful sea as capable of a great and promising future. The one thing needful for all the Greek islands is to have a closer connection in sympathy and government with Greece itself, that they may be more under the influence of schools, under the tutelage of teachers that will cultivate and refine the modern Greek, which is their idiom, and encourage morality in family and social

life. They have for many years been so isolated from one another that they have been as strangers, though of one blood and speech; but of late years steamboat navigation has been greatly extended in these waters. There is now a line of steamers connecting Smyrna, on the Asiatic coast, with Athens, in Greece, touching on their way at several of the islands, as they make their passage through the most beautiful insular world on the planet. The largest and principal of these islands are Cyprus and Crete. The former has acquired great interest in American eyes of late from the rare treasures there unearthed by our consul, General Di Cesnola, most of which are now the property of the new Museum of New York; while the famous Candia, or Crete, is fresh in our minds from the recent endeavor to free

itself from Turkish rule, in which it made a gallant but unsuccessful struggle. It seems a pity that so small and beautiful a spot should be forced into such antagonism of nationality without the power of throwing off the yoke, or the space to exist without being under the immediate eyes of the oppressor. When the time shall come for the Turk to leave Europe these islands will clap their hands and enjoy a new lease of life, and will probably unlock to the scholar and explorer many treasures that have lain buried for ages, for such a blight has rested on them for centuries that but little else has been done by the inhabitants than vegetate away their existence. When they do revive, there will be scarcely any greater attractions for tourists in the old world than these gems of the Ægean.

ART.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

THE student of the history of art is impressed with the intimate and necessary relations of a prevalent philosophy and a prevalent cosmogony to art inspiration and art products. The true, the beautiful, and the good are correlated and interdependent notions. No one of the persons in this trinity can suffer damage without visiting corresponding evil and degradation upon the others. Each has best thrived, has attained the richest, healthiest development where the other two have had their truest, fullest life. Art has, at times, been under the direction of an abounding religiousness,—little influenced by philosophical or scientific thought. It has gone into the temple, into the cloister, or into the desert solitude to portray its conceptions of the beautiful, the sublime, or the awful. Under such guidance and inspiration some marvelous results have been realized. Most wonderful delineations of peculiar phases of character have resulted. Yet it must be confessed that in many instances the soul has sought expression in very inharmonious forms, and that symmetrical beauty, which it is the aim of high art to express, has not been attained. The lack of anatomical knowledge, or the ignorance of perspective and *chiaro-oscuro*, may leave the mind

unsatisfied even while the spiritual may shine forth most clearly. The lack of mere technical skill may often defeat a most glorious result. The power of conception may be great indeed, yet, the means of expression being meager and imperfect, disappointment surely ensues. So, too, when a scientific spirit is largely in excess,—when there is an attempt to subject all to an ultimate analysis,—art is in great danger of suffering harm. In this case the freedom of art expression will be fettered by a code of formal rules and laws, and thus the natural, spontaneous, inspired activities of the artist may be discouraged. Most to be deprecated is a prevalent materialism, which denies the supernatural, makes spirit but a property or a mode of matter, and reverts all, even God, to the domain of absolute law. In such a condition all high art is impossible. It is a mere surface, lifeless, handiwork. It goes forth to nature to watch her varying moods in order to produce a mere copy. Those more evident, superficial qualities are reproduced; there is no abounding life, no spirit is struggling here for expression. There is no spirit in the rustling leaves, no spirit in the laughing brook, no spirit in the sporting zephyrs, no spirit in the majestic mountain, no spirit in the solemn sea. To such a philoso-

phy nature is voiceless,—she has no speech. The world is full of sounds,—but there is no modulating spirit. The cataract roars, but has no language; the thunders reverberate through the heavens, but bear no warning. The winds no longer sigh through the pines; the groves breathe no blessed invitation. The heavens no longer drop fatness; the earth is no longer the tender mother exuberant of life in the Spring-time, and in the Autumnal season taking to her embrace her fading, dying offspring,

"Nature's laws
Left these ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer tone."

Nor needs it be said that of the two conditions of art-development here hinted at, we regard the period of abounding religiousness far more favorable to high art creation than an age of skepticism of the supernatural, or a belief in materialism. A materialistic or atheistic philosophy has ever inaugurated a period of art decadence. The highest art inspiration languishes and dies in this mephitic atmosphere. This is the threatening danger of today. In so far as this spirit becomes prevalent, to that degree will our hope in true art progress decline. America is in the presence of this most important problem, whether her art shall be of that materialistic type which comes from a prevalent unbelief, and which will, in turn, react most perniciously to besot the affections and benumb the intellect; or contrariwise, her art shall be developed in the presence of a healthy religious faith, and a free intellectual activity; and thus, occupying a sort of intermediate place between the products of mind and heart, it may constitute one of our most potent educational agencies. We are glad to observe some promises that art is to have this latter high and holy mission in America.

THE VENUS OF MILO—ITS BEAUTY PERFECT YET UNSATISFYING.

UNIVERSALLY it—the Venus of Milo—is acknowledged to be the most beautiful that remains to us of ancient art. . . . Yet what to me is this figure of a goddess? Of what use to me are the thoughts which it awakens in me? They are an unfruitful longing foreign to myself. As soon as it begins to speak I look upon her. I think, thus she arose from the foam of the sea, pure, like the waves

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from which she sprang; her soul shining through the unveiled limbs as for us the most beautiful limbs appear through folds of graceful drapery. Not like the Venus de Medici, around whom hovers a rosy cloud of grace, loud with the rushing of the wings of her doves that bear the earthly delight to the skies, but freely as Prometheus brought down the fire, she appears to have caught the spark of celestial love in order to lend it to the race that reverently looks up to her. I see a temple, through whose open roof a warm, softened light streams upward,—an altar from which the veils of sacrificial vapor arise. There she stands, faultless, untouched by rough hands,—whether of those who overthrew her or of those who re-exhumed her. Roses lie at her feet, and the maiden who now tremblingly looks up to her, saw her in her childhood standing there, and smiling as if it were not impossible she should not divine her secret and grant any wish the heart dared cherish. The temple was her own from the lowest step to the pinnacle of the gable, animated by the mysterious rhythm of symmetry. From its top a view of the mountainous Isles of Greece, of the sea from which she rose, and of the heavens whose blue was caught up from its waves, but in heart freedom; and all around, the rapid ships coming and going in swarms, carrying victorious warriors, and at the oars the slaves whom they had captured in fettered servitude.

Those who lived then saw the goddess with other eyes than we, who look upon the shattered form, whose temple and altar have vanished, of whom we know nothing, not even so much as by whom and when she was finished, where she stood, or even how the arms were formed, whose beauty we nevertheless seem to divine from the magnificent shoulders from which they have been ruthlessly torn. Surely she is fair! Admiration and astonishment she awakens! Fancy bears us back forcibly to her times, yet she remains a stranger among us, and, while we are lost in the beholding, a low voice reminds us there is now no heart for us in this beauty.

This statue affects me as do the poets of Greece, who touch my deepest emotions, but, if I stop to reflect, more through a cold compulsion than because I fully give myself up to them, and, unsatiated, demand more. Orestes

and Œdipus, Iphigenia and Antigone,—what have they in common with my heart? Involuntarily we invest them with what we wish to find in them, and enjoy the delusion, but it is only a delusion. . . . A dull echo comes back to us and causes wonderment from the works of the old poets, penetrates every thing that pertains to antiquity, and fills us with vague surprise. It is a partition-wall raised between them and us. This wall may be transparent, as if built of purest crystal, and yet it remains insurmountable. An all-overstretching impulse towards equality of rights, before God and the law, alone controls to-day the history of our race. Therein are rooted all our usages and feelings. We are living; those times are dead. Our passionate aspirations can not find their satisfaction in what was intended to satisfy the long-ago realized longings of long-departed ages. These creations, even if they were yet more beautiful and wonderful, are no more a necessity for us.—Translated from the German of Herman Grimm, in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

SOME ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE art publications recently issued are quite numerous, and several are of very considerable value. Among them may be mentioned Miss A. C. Owen's "The Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom," edited by John Ruskin. The authoress is a most thorough and ardent disciple of her lord,—Ruskin. It is thoroughly pre-Raphaelite in sympathy and decidedly anti-Raphaelite in many of its expressions. Members of her own peculiar school will find much to admire and approve, and students of the history of Christian art, from the time of its first dawning in the Christian catacombs down to the fifteenth century, will find it a convenient hand-book. Byzantine, Italian, and Teutonic art prior to the period of the Renaissance is treated with a good degree of cleverness, and with a very lively sympathy.

Of a different scope is Mrs. Oliphant's "The Makers of Florence; Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, and their City." The title is an exceedingly taking one; and in many respects the authoress has given the public a capital book. Doubtless many readers will dissent from her views of the relations of her characters to the work of making Florence the charmed city it is.

She, too, seems to have decided pre-Raphaelite sympathies, and her account of the work of Fra Angelico is among the most excellent of the whole book. Mrs. Oliphant does not, however, seem to possess all the requisite qualities for high art criticism. Possibly her manifest love for the Puritanic element in the character and life of Savonarola might be a sufficient argument with some for her unfitness to deal justly with certain phases and stages of art development. Nevertheless, she has given us a really instructive and stimulating book.

Of all the art journals, for fullness of information, thoroughness of criticism, educational value, and wealth and excellence of illustration, none can compare with the *Librairie de l'Art* of Paris. It is a weekly of twenty-four pages of letter-press, making in the year four large quarto volumes,—in fine a real library on art. Its seemingly high price prevents it from coming into many cultured households which would gladly feel its inspiring presence; yet, when all its merits are considered, and its weekly visitation studied, it is really the cheapest art publication with which we are acquainted.

The *Portfolio* maintains its high position as an artistic periodical. Making etching somewhat of a specialty, it nevertheless keeps its readers well informed of the movements in the art world, and furnishes some capital illustrations well worthy of careful preservation. It enters upon its seventh year with a very attractive number. Professor Colvin's series of articles on "Albert Durer; his Teachers and Followers," will attract very many readers and furnish one of the best accounts of this great master.

The *Art Journal* (by Appleton) for February is among the very best numbers of this valuable publication. Its illustrations from the Centennial Exhibition have been of a very high order, and have proved of immense value to a large class of American readers. "The Traditions of Christian Art," a finely written and illustrated series of articles, has now reached its sixth chapter. Retaining most of permanent value from the *London Art Journal*, the proprietors aim to make it likewise thoroughly American in sympathy and helpful character. It is published at the low price of seventy-five cents a number, or nine dollars a year.

TAXATION OF WORKS OF ART.

THE questions of taxation and tariffs are among the most important as well as the most difficult that absorb the thought of our political economists. To adjust properly these burdens of government, so that high industry may contribute its share to the public treasury and yet be properly encouraged and stimulated, is the ever recurring problem. The high duties on works of art imported into America is a serious embarrassment to men of moderate means, who, nevertheless, wish in a measure to gratify their love of art. As to what degree these articles should be ranked under the head of luxuries, opinions will differ. It may not be possible for our government to pursue a more generous policy, or to discriminate more fully in favor of those articles of importation which may be grouped under the class "fine art." Nevertheless, it would seem that at this stage of our history, when attempts are made to found galleries, to establish museums, and to collect in our higher schools and colleges materials for illustration and instruction, such as paintings, engravings, photographs, helio-

types, plaster casts, bronzes, etc., the same principle might govern as in the matter of books; namely, allow all works of twenty years' publication, and all books designed for public libraries, to enter free of duty. Should this principle hold in the case of the importation of works of art and *virtu*, it would seem that our people would receive stimulus and encouragement in just that direction where they are most needed, and the government would prove its wisdom by fostering and strengthening just that which is most languishing. This same subject has been recently discussed by the artists of Rome, and a petition, numerously signed, has been presented to the Italian government, asking its attention to this matter. The "International Art Association" has likewise moved in the same direction, and there seems to be on the part of the government of Italy and of the United States a disposition to treat this subject in the most generous manner possible. The perplexities attending this whole question are very great, yet the end aimed at is well worthy a patient and protracted effort.

NATURE.

ABSENCE OF WHITE COLOR IN ANIMALS.—

Some very curious physiological facts bearing upon the presence or absence of white colors in the higher animals have lately been adduced by Dr. Ogle. It has been found that a dark pigment in the olfactory region of the nostrils is essential to perfect smell, and this pigment is rarely deficient except when the whole animal is pure white. In these cases the creature is almost without smell or taste. This, Dr. Ogle believes, explains the curious case of the pigs in Virginia brought to light by Mr. Darwin; white pigs being poisoned by a noxious root which does not affect black pigs. Darwin imputed this to a constitutional difference accompanying the dark color, which rendered what was poisonous to the white colored animal quite innocuous to the black. Dr. Ogle, however, observes that there is no proof that the black pigs eat the root; and he believes the more probable explanation to be that it is

distasteful to them, while the white pigs, being deficient in smell and taste, eat it, and are killed. Analogous facts occur in several distinct families. White sheep are killed in the Tarentino by eating *Hypericum criscum*, while black sheep escape; the white rhinoceros is said to perish from eating *Euphorbia candelabrum*; and white horses are said to suffer from poisonous food when colored ones escape.

It is very improbable that a constitutional immunity from poisoning by so many distinct plants should, in the case of such widely different animals, be always correlated with the same difference of color, but the facts are readily understood if the senses of smell and taste are dependent on the presence of a pigment which is deficient in wholly white animals. The explanation has, however, been carried a step further by experiments, showing that the absorption of odors by dead matter, such as clothing, is generally affected by color,

black being the most powerful absorbent; then blue, red, yellow, and lastly, white.

We have here a physical cause for the sense-inferiority of totally white animals, which may account for their rarity in nature. For few, if any, wild animals are wholly white; the head, the face, or at least the muzzle or the nose is generally black; the ears and eyes are often also black; and there is good reason to believe that dark pigment is essential to good hearing, as it certainly is to perfect vision. We can, therefore, understand why white cats with blue eyes are so often deaf,—a peculiarity we notice more readily than their deficiency in smell or tastes.

THE COMPASS-PLANT.—It has long been known that there grows on the prairie-lands of the south-western part of the United States, especially in Texas and Oregon, a plant which has the peculiar property of turning its leaves toward the North, which hence serves to guide travelers when no other means is available for ascertaining the points of the compass. It is probable, from Longfellow's description of it, in "Evangeline," as a "delicate plant" on a "fragile stalk" that he never saw it growing. The compass-plant is a member of the order *Compositæ*, known to botanists as *Silphium laciniatum*. It is described as a stout perennial plant from three to six feet in height, with ovate, deeply-pinnatifid leaves, and large yellow heads of flowers. It is also known as the pilot-weed, polar-plant, rosin-weed, and turpentine-weed, the last two names being derived from the abundant resin exuded by the stem. The "polarity" of the leaves of this singular plant has long been familiar to hunters and other denizens of the prairie, who, when lost on dark nights, easily get their bearings by feeling the directions of the leaves. The radical leaves of the plant really present their edges north and south, while their faces are turned east and west, the leaves on the developed stems of the flowering plant, however, taking rather an intermediate position between their normal or symmetrical arrangement and their peculiar meridional direction.

The cause of the ordinary position of the leaves of most plants, one surface being directed toward the sky and the other toward the earth, is generally believed to be a difference in the sensitiveness to the light of the two

surfaces, the epidermal tissue of the upper being generally denser and less pervious to light than that of the under surface. It is possible, also, that something may be due to the fact that the under surface of the leaf is almost always more copiously furnished with stomates, or "breathing-pores," as they are often incorrectly termed, minute orifices, which serve to promote a diffusion of gases between the external air and the intercellular cavities within the tissue, and especially an abundant exhalation of aqueous vapor. A microscopic examination of the leaves of the compass-plant shows that the epidermal tissue of the two sides is similar, and also that the number of stomates on each corresponds, affording, in this respect, a contrast to other allied species of the genus *Silphium*, which do not exhibit the phenomenon of polarity, and in whose leaves the stomates were found to be from two to three times as numerous on the under as on the upper surface.

If, therefore, the object to be gained is an equal sensitiveness to light, it is obvious that the two surfaces will receive an equal mean amount of light during the twenty-four hours, if they face the east and west rather than if they face the north and south.

In a recent communication, Mr. Meehan says that those who affirm that the leaves are directed to the north, and those who say there is no such tendency, are both right. He watched a plant in his own garden and observed the unmistakable northern tendency in the leaves when they first came up, and until they were large and heavy, when winds and rains bore them in different directions, and they evidently had not the power of regaining the points lost. It would appear, therefore, to depend on the season when the observation is made whether the leaves are seen to bear northward or not.

HEALTH AND LOCALITY.—James T. Gardner, director of the State Survey of New York, recently delivered an address before the American Public Health Association. Among many important and interesting observations and suggestions were the following: The whole tendency of recent investigations proves that the controlling cause of our most fatal diseases is to be found in local conditions, The report of the Board of Health of New York

states that two-thirds of the deaths from diphtheria in that great city were among occupants of first and second floors. Can any one fail to see that the ground about our dwellings is playing a fearful part in swelling the daily lists of deaths? Fourteen years ago it was demonstrated that certain conditions of the soil slay annually, by consumption, a thousand of the citizens of Massachusetts. The sources of many prevailing diseases are to be found in various natural conditions of the form and substance of the earth, as well as in soils polluted by man. Diseases, such as malarial fevers, rheumatism, cholera, diphtheria, and consumption, appear to depend both upon the circulation and excess of soil moisture. Natural drainage results from combined action of configuration, character of soil, constitution of underlying rock, and form of surface. Each of these four elements of natural drainage must present favorable conditions, or deadly waters accumulate on the surface or in hidden strata. The region above the Palisades of the Hudson furnishes an excellent illustration of these statements; its altitude and proximity to the sea both tending to temper the Summer climate. All the topographical conditions of unusual health seem here present, and yet malarial diseases abound. The reason is probably found in the configuration of the rock. The dense basalt underlying the thin soil of the plateau absorbs almost no water. Its surface, originally nearly level, was worn by glacial action into low swelling ridges and shallow rock-basins, many of which, having no outlet, hold stagnant water. Their effects are often worse than those of exposed ponds.

In contrast is the formation of the Helderberg plateau. The table-land is composed of horizontal limestone resting on shales. Low undulations divide large areas into many separate basins, each draining toward its center, where a funnel-shaped opening in the limestone receives the disappearing flow, whose future course is subterranean. These basins are from a few acres to three or four hundred in extent. When one covers about five square miles, a pond is formed, finding outlet through fissures of the limestones below. The elevation of the plateau insures that these waters sink at once many hundred feet, or escape in springs along the cliffs. This highland presents an admirable illustration of one of the combinations of

topographical and geological structures necessary for healthfulness. The geographer and physician must work together in the study of public health.

THE PROPAGATION OF INFECTIOUS DISEASE.—In view of the alarming prevalence of scarlet fever in many parts of the country, the following hints by the *British Medical Journal* are valuable warnings: There are three common ways by which infectious diseases may be very widely spread. It is a very usual practice for parents to take children suffering from scarlet fever, measles, etc., to a public dispensary, in order to obtain advice and medicines. It is little less than crime to expose in the streets of a town and in the crowded waiting-room of a dispensary children afflicted with such complaints. Again, persons who are recovering from infectious disorders borrow books out of the lending department of public libraries; these books, on their re-issue to fresh borrowers, are sources of very great danger. In all libraries notices should be posted up informing borrowers that no books will be lent out to persons recovering from diseases of an infectious character; and that any person so suffering will be prosecuted. Lastly, disease is spread by tract distributors. It is the habit of such well-meaning people to call at a house where a person is ill, and leave him a tract. In a week or so the tract is called for again, another is left in its place, and the old one is carried to another person. It is easy to foretell to what result health such a practice will lead if the first person be affected by scarlet fever or small-pox.

PECULIARITY IN EYES.—Snails have very keen eyes at the extremity of their pliable horns, which they thrust out or draw in at pleasure. By winding their eye-furnished horns around a leaf or stalk they can view the opposite side. The wicked-looking eyes of the hammer-headed shark are nearly two feet apart, but by bending the thin edges of the head on which their eyes are placed, they can examine two sides of large objects. Flies have eyes which protrude from the head, like a hemisphere and are immovable; but they have an immense number of invisible facets, resembling old-fashioned watch-seals, and, therefore, can not be approached on any side without seeing who is coming.

RELIGIOUS.

THE VAUDOIS CHURCH.—The Waldensian or Vaudois Church is making rapid progress throughout Italy. A writer in *Evangelical Christendom* gives a cheerful picture of its present prosperity. Cases of discipline are fewer; the number of meetings and of their frequenters is increasing; new societies and meetings have been started, in order to awaken every-where more interest in the work of the Church as regards education, benevolence, evangelization, and missions. Their charitable and educational institutions are flourishing. The manner in which the leaven of the Gospel is working in the community is indicated by the following account of the upspringing of a Church in the secluded Alpine village of Coazze. The story is told by an evangelical laborer in a neighboring field. One market day, at Pignerol, a young rustic from Coazze bought from a colporteur a cheap copy of the New Testament. He became deeply interested in its perusal, and before long was powerfully convicted by the Spirit of God. He at once left his home and moved to the city, so as to be within hearing of the preaching of the Word. Soon he was a rejoicing believer. He then returned to Coazze, and made his livelihood by peddling, among other things Bibles and tracts. The curiosity and conscience of his old neighbors were aroused by listening to his experience, as well as by reading the books he distributed, and they soon expressed a desire to hear the Gospel expounded by an authorized evangelist. On a bitter day in January, 1874, Signor Cardon arrived in the village late in the afternoon, after a long journey on foot over the mountain. Permission to use the public hall was promptly given him, and a congregation of more than seven hundred assembled to hear a pointed sermon founded on the words, "What must I do to be saved?" The evangelist met, of course, with some opposition from the priestly party, but the reception, on the whole, was favorable. A noble little society was formed, a fine chapel has since been erected, and now the blessed influence is spreading to all the country around. In the city of Rome the efforts of Protestant missionaries have not been so successful as in

less important centers, probably because of its occupancy by so many denominations at once, presenting to the Papists the appearance of a divided front, and, also, making the enforcement of discipline in each society very difficult.

INNER AFRICA.—At latest advices the Nyanza mission party had reached Mpwapwa, a point two hundred miles from the coast, and had been received with the utmost cordiality by the Sultan and Governor. Mpwapwa is a district rather than a town, writes one of the missionaries, and comprises a great number of villages, affording a field for several missionaries. Two of the party stay there, while the rest push on to Victoria Nyanza. The people are "quiet and harmless," devoted to agriculture and cattle raising. The country is exceedingly fertile. Much of the scenery is gay with tropical verdure; but the villages are poor and far apart. The wild jungles, which stretch in every direction, are capable of the highest cultivation. The heroic life and death of Livingstone have made inner Africa specially dear to the heart of the Church, and no modern missionary enterprise will be watched with more prayerful sympathy than this. The presence of Bishop Haven gave a new impetus to the mission work of our own Church on the Liberian Coast, and measures are about to be taken looking toward the advancement of Christianity among the tribes of the interior. The tribes east and north of Liberia are intellectually superior to any who dwell on the coast; and the Mohammedan faith which most of them adopted during the early years of this century has had an elevating effect. The project for a railroad across the Great African Desert, which has been much discussed by French scientific authorities, has received a new impulse at the hands of the celebrated traveler, G. Rohlfs. The French notion was to draw the commerce of the Soudan through Algeria. Dr. Rohlfs advocates a route between Tripoli, on the Mediterranean, and Kuka, on Lake Tchad. The line will cross twelve hundred miles of desert, but Dr. Rohlfs thinks that it will find sufficient water supply whichever line may be ultimately chosen, and, however worldly may

be the motives of the projectors, the great Central African Railroad will certainly prove the highway of the Lord—a means of extending Christian influences through all the “benighted regions of Ethiopia.”

AN INCIDENT.—It would be hard to find a more touching example of lofty conscientiousness than was exhibited a month or two ago, by Brensier, the telegraph operator of Akron, Ohio, who has voluntarily suffered punishment for a crime committed before his conversion. About a year and a half ago a heavy robbery of Adams Express Company was committed near Akron, and Brensier was accused of the crime. He was tried and acquitted, and afterward left the place, and settled in Chicago. During the recent revival there he came under the influence of Mr. Moody's preaching, experienced religion, and confessed that he was guilty of the crime with which he had been charged. He immediately returned to Akron, surrendered himself, and as he could not be again put in jeopardy for a crime of which he had been acquitted, he was indicted for perjury, for false testimony given in his own favor on the former trial, and was convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. No wonder that such a course brought tears to the eyes of the presiding judge, and has forced from the secular press an acknowledgment of the genuineness of the “change of heart” professed by Mr. Moody's converts.

APPARITIONS OF THE VIRGIN.—The little village of Marpingen, in the Rhenish Provinces of Germany, but a short time ago suddenly leaped into a fame for miraculous influences rivaling that of Lourdes, in France. Three children, after a Summer afternoon's ramble in a neighboring forest, returned, saying that they had seen the Virgin Mary. The wonderful news spread. The superstitious peasants came to the spot from all directions, in crowds; and soon the trees, far and near, were stripped of their leaves and branches, and “Marpingen canes” and other relics became marketable wares. The sudden influx of pilgrims was, at first, a serious inconvenience. Many of them were of the most degraded class; and the villagers were forced to apply for military aid to maintain the peace and order to which they were accustomed. But after a little they learned how to profit pecun-

iarly by the superstitions of their neighbors. Additional appearances of the “Mother of God” were reported almost daily. Certain springs and wells and rustic nooks became famous because of the remarkable cures effected on those who clustered around them with afflicted bodies but believing souls. In vain were soldiers drawn in line around these “holy places.” The crowds waited from early morning until late at night, and at times were so deluded as to fancy they saw the heavenly visitants on their downward flight, with “healing in their wings.” Unbelievers were treated with fanatical severity. One old gentleman, passing a group that gazed intently in the air, was surprised by the sudden and triumphant exclamation, “They come! they come!” Venturing to ask who came, he was brutally set upon by the mob and badly beaten. Pilgrims continued flocking to Marpingen from the most distant parts of the Empire. Absurd as this movement may seem to us, it has been approved by many dignitaries of the Romish Church, and generally indorsed by the Ultramontanes.

UNION REVIVAL EFFORTS.—Great religious activity prevailed in Maine and Eastern Massachusetts during the months of Winter and Spring. Mr. Needham had much success in Portland, where he was assisted heartily by the pastors of the Churches. Afternoon and evening temperance meetings were held every day. The Rev. George F. Pentecost held daily meetings in Bangor, and many evangelists labored in other leading towns of New England. Unusual religious interest was reported, especially at Kennebunkport and Yarmouth and Falmouth, Massachusetts. Messrs. Hall and Cree, who represent the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, have held meetings this year in more than thirty cities and towns of the Southern States. In Boston, Messrs. Moody and Sankey are succeeding as manifestly as in any of the places of their previous labor. The cold winds affected somewhat the voice of the singing evangelist, and Mr. Moody's family was, part of the time, seriously afflicted by illness; but the services were not interrupted, and much good has been effected. The skeptics of Boston affect great contempt of the movement. One scholarly infidel, when asked by a kindred

spirit if he did not consider that the intelligence of Boston had been insulted by Mr. Moody, is said to have answered that its intelligence had not as yet been addressed. But in spite of scorn and indifference the work is going on, and once again the foolish and weak things of the world are confounding the wise and the mighty. The evangelists have been invited by the clergy of Montreal to make their next visit to that city; but the newspapers of San Francisco state that the next series of services will be held there. The

number of converts gathered in Chicago and vicinity as a result of the efforts of Mr. Moody and his collaborators there is estimated variously from a few hundred to six thousand. There, as elsewhere, the most beneficial effects of the labors of the evangelists are outside of the direct result of additions to the Churches. However opinions may vary in regard to the numerical results, no one can doubt that Mr. Moody has been every-where peculiarly successful in arousing the average Christian to increased evangelistic usefulness.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

INTRODUCTION OF THE POTATO.—It has always been known that the potato was first brought into England by Sir Walter Raleigh when he returned from his voyage "for discovering and planting" colonies in the year 1586. Thomas Herriot, the mathematician, in describing potatoes, says, "These roots are round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger; they grow in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes; they are good for food either boiled or roasted." Sir Robert Southwell, in 1693, informed the Royal Society of London that his grandfather took potatoes into Ireland, having received them from Raleigh himself. There is a tradition in Ireland that they were first brought into that island by an Irish priest from France, when the Faculty of Paris had pronounced it poisonous; but Southwell's account is no doubt correct. This root was, however, first introduced into Europe by the Spaniards, who brought it from the kingdom of Quito to Spain, whence it was transplanted to Austrian Flanders, where it was cultivated and sent as presents to Rome and Vienna before 1598.

Peter Cieza, in his "Chronicle," printed in 1553, says that the inhabitants of Quito had, besides *mays*, a tuberous root which they ate, and called *papas*. Clusius, a botanist of Vienna, concludes that this was the same plant as above, living specimens of which he had received from Flanders. The roots introduced by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins, were sweet potatoes from Spain and the Canary islands, which were used as a great delicacy long before the common potato was

known. The kissing-comfits of Falstaff, "Let the sky rain potatoes, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. v, Sc. 5), and other confections were principally made of these and eryngo roots.

FANATIC.—"There is a new word," says Thomas Fuller, in his "Mystic Contemplations on Better Times" (p. 212, ed. 1841), "coined within a few months [of May, 1680], called *fanatics*, which, by the close stickling thereof, seemeth well cut out and proportioned to signify what is meant thereby, even the sectaries of our age. Some, most forcedly, will have it Hebrew, derived from the word 'to see' or 'face one,' importing such whose piety consisteth chiefly in visage looks and outward show; others will have it Greek, from *phanomai*, 'to show and appear.' . . . But most certainly the word is Latin, from *fanum*, a temple, and *fanatici* were such who, living in or attending thereabouts, were frighted with spectra or apparitions which they either saw or fancied themselves to have seen."

CATHERINE DE MEDICI.—Chateaubriand, in reviewing the character of Catherine de Medici, attributes her talents, her vices, and her immoralities to the hereditary depravity and licentiousness of her family and nation. She had been born and bred amid popular storms, factions, intrigues, secret poisonings, and midnight murders, and they had been imbedded in her nature. France was to her but an enlarged Florence. Like her family, among whom were many rulers and several popes, she was as thoroughly skeptical in religion as in the ex-

istence of virtue or honor. Superstition took the place of the former, and circumspection and hypocrisy of the latter; while cunning, craft, duplicity, and perfect knowledge of all that was Satanic in human nature were the weapons whereby she maintained her power. Aside from being a patron of art and genius, no good resulted from her long and criminal reign.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY IN FLORIDA.—During the heavy gales which prevailed last fall, the tide on one occasion was driven so low in the North River, that a remarkable discovery was made. About seven miles north of St. Augustine, on the west shore of North River, the remains of an ancient city were discovered. Several wells, walled in with coquina, are now visible, under water; but the foundations of the houses can be felt with a pole.

On the occasion of the discovery, a gale had prevailed for four or five days from the north, driving the water out of the river to an extent never before known. Further investigations have also brought to light a coquina quarry on this same site; and what is more remarkable, the quarry is in the midst of a dense hammock,—and which any one can see now by taking the trouble to go there. The rock is of a quality equal to any on Anastasia Island, and the quarry has been extensively used, doubtless for the purpose of building the city or settlement of St. Augustine,—for one or the other it certainly was.

The question which naturally arises is, by whom was this settlement made,—by natives of this continent or Europeans? All historiographers agree that Ponce de Leon, a companion of Columbus in his second voyage, first touched on this New World at a point three miles north of St. Augustine. Say they, one and all, "he found the natives fierce and implacable." But at this period (1512) all history is silent, and we hear nothing more of Florida or America until 1526, when Narvaez arrived on the western or gulf coast. Who will solve this mystery? Perhaps it may throw light on the history of America, hitherto concealed. For let it be remembered that St. Augustine was the first city settled in America.

PATCHOULY PERFUME.—Patchouly is an East Indian plant somewhat resembling our garden-sage. The odorous principle resides in

the stem and leaves, and, by distillation, a very dense liquid of a yellow-brown color and oily appearance is procured. It is this distilled oil in deodorized alcohol, to which attar of rose is sometimes added, that makes the handkerchief perfume so well known as Patchouly. And the new perfume, *Ihlang-ihlang*, introduced from England a few years since, is extracted from a veritable flower. It is the product of a tree known to botanists as the *Unana odoratissima*, and is found in the islands of the Indian Archipelago. The flowers are of a greenish-yellow, possessing a delightful odor, and were first used by Mr. Rimmel, of Paris, in the manufacture of the handkerchief extract known by their name.

THE TODA TRIBE.—Among the almost inaccessible hills that skirt Southern Hindoostan there dwell the Todas (a Tamil word for herdsman), a race once numerous but now consisting of less than six hundred souls. They are the relic of some ancient nation long since stranded in India (perhaps descendants of the Scythians who invaded the East centuries ago, compelled for preservation to resort to the fastnesses of the mountains), whose appearance, language, and customs separate them utterly from Hindoos and Mohammedans. Lords of the soil, receiving from the English government an annual tribute, unconnected with other hill tribes, dwelling in peculiar habitations, speaking a mixed language, their traditions faint, their religion unique, their occupation wholly pastoral,—inaccessible to all Christian missions,—averse to war, and understanding and accepting the fact of constant decrease of population, they present a problem to ethnologists which it is difficult to solve. In appearance the Toda is the very opposite to the Hindoo. He is tall, athletic, of a light bronze complexion, with large, dark eyes, and features of Romish cast. The hair, whether of men or women, is never cut. Clothing of both sexes is the same, consisting of a single cotton robe. Their demeanor is in striking contrast to other natives of India; devoid of cringing, rarely timid, and to Europeans almost always confident and self-possessed. The race is brave, but unwarlike; the best guides after game, but the worst protectors in danger. Like the North American Indian, the Toda is capable of bearing great fatigue, of long abstinence from food,

and of trapping wild animals with unerring instinct. The women are large and coarse, with no pretensions to good looks. In a climate unusually humid, with no artificial covering upon their heads, their hair attains a luxuriance most extraordinary. They have few children. The race is steadily decreasing. Their villages (munds) consist of a few scattered huts of an oval shape, situated in some secluded spot in the woods or fastnesses of the mountains. As their whole employment consists in caring for their herds of buffalo, it is around these munds that their pastures and pens, their dairies and cheese vats, assortments of stock and selections of breed, rearing of calves and fattening beeves for slaughter, are to be found. The buffalo is the sole possession of the Toda. He cultivates no land, engages in no merchandise, cares for no commerce. His subsistence is from the milk and meat of the buffalo alone. In care of them he spends his simple life, migrating from one pasture to another as necessity requires, shunning all approach to the abodes of other men, and asserting among the hills his exclusive right to the soil.

EDUCATED FLEAS.—A writer in the *American Naturalist* states it as his conviction that the celebrated "educated fleas," to be found on Broadway, New York, are not educated or trained in the slightest degree. All the curious and amusing performances which make up the exhibition he traces directly to the desire and earnest efforts of the insects to escape bondage, the means employed to give an appearance of intelligent action to these strugglers being extremely ingenious. Each flea is attached to some object in such a manner that it can not free itself, while the movements of its legs and arms are not hindered or embarrassed. The most amusing, and, at first, incomprehensible, of the various performances is that of the dancing fleas. The flea orchestra are placed on top of a small music-box, whose vibrations cause them to gesticulate violently, fastened as they are to their posts. Below them are several pairs of fleas, fastened in couples by an almost invisible bar, apparently waltzing. An inspection shows that the two composing each pair are fastened facing opposite directions. Each tries to run away; the "parallelogram of forces" is produced; the forward intention is converted into a rotary

motion, ludicrously imitating the habits of certain higher vertebrates. The proprietor makes known some interesting facts in regard to the flea. The female fleas are solely employed by him, since the males are "excessively mulish and altogether disinclined to work." The weight of a flea is about .05 of a grain, or, if well fed, .1 of a grain. The model of the street car exhibited weighs 120 grains, or about 1,200 times the weight of the flea which drags it. It will be noticed that there is no motion which can not be explained on the hypothesis that all the effects produced may be the results of the insect's efforts to escape.

FIRST USE OF COAL IN AMERICA.—Bituminous coal was mined near Richmond, Va., as early as in 1770. It was extensively used in that vicinity in 1775, and a Richmond foundry employed it in making shot and shell during the Revolution. It was sent to Boston, Philadelphia, and New York in 1789. Obadiah Gore and his brother, blacksmiths from Connecticut, were the first to make use of anthracite coal in the Wyoming (Pennsylvania) Valley in 1768. Judge Jesse Fell, of Wilkesbarre, was the first to apply it to household uses. Phillip Ginter, a hunter in the Mauch Chunk region, discovered the Lehigh coal in 1791. Mines were opened in 1792, but it was ten years later before the coal was sent to Philadelphia. The Schuylkill coal was first sent to Philadelphia in 1812.

DO MARTYRS ALWAYS FEEL PAIN?—Is it not possible that an exalted state of feeling—approaching perhaps to the mesmeric state—may be attained which will render the religious or political martyr insensible to pain? It would be agreeable to think that the pangs of martyrdom were ever thus alleviated. It is certainly possible, by a strong mental effort, to keep pain in subjection during a dental operation. A firmly fixed tooth, under a bungling operator, may be wrenched from the jaw without pain to the patient, if he will only determine not to feel, but the effort is very exhausting. In the excitement of battle wounds are often not felt. One would be glad to hope that Joan of Arc was insensible to the flames which consumed her; and that the recovered nerve which enabled Cranmer to submit his right hand to the fire, raised him above suffering.

LITERATURE.

ANOTHER step forward, the last save two, is made by the producers, authors, translators, editors, and publishers of "Lange's Commentary," in issuing a new volume of the Old Testament series, the fourteenth in the order of time, but the seventh in that of the books of the Bible.* The portion of the Bible embraced in this volume is an important one, and yet it is precisely the part that seems to be least of all devotional, and much of it rather more secular than religious. Its books are probably among the latest written of all the Old Testament, though the materials out of which the Chronicles were made up must have existed from a comparatively early period. The Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther are rather monographs than consecutive histories, yet forming needed links in the chain of Jewish history down to the re-establishment of the nation in their own land after the captivity. The Chronicles are a very dry collection of the merest skeleton of a history, which, however, the records of the two chiefs of the Restoration does much to relieve. The Book of Esther as a sacred book is anomalous, as it neither uses the name of God, nor seems to recognize his being; but it fills an important point in the history of Israel in captivity, and how their return was brought about. The Commentary of the two Books of Chronicles was written by Dr. Otto Zockler, and translated into English by Professor J. G. Murphy, of Belfast, Ireland, who gives, instead of the authorized version of the text, a literal translation of his own, not, however, very widely departing from the language of the former. A scholarly Introduction by the translator provides the needed key to the intricacies and obscurities of the record, which, with the notes and discussions, forms a sufficient apparatus for the study of a generally neglected portion of the Bible. The Commentary on Ezra is by Dr. F. W. Schultz, of the University of Breslau; translated by Dr. Charles A.

Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, who prefaces his work with an elaborate Introduction, discussing the two cognate Books of Ezra and Nehemiah from almost every possible point of view, after a most able and scholarly fashion. Nehemiah has fallen almost wholly into the handling of Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, having only the homiletical portion, which many readers will deem the least important, from the German of Dr. Schultz. The brief Introduction aims only to present the character and contents of the book and to determine the author and his times. The Commentary is learned, acute, and evangelical. The Commentary on Esther, originally written by Dr. F. W. Schultz, is here given "Translated, Enlarged, and Edited," by Dr. James Strong, of Drew Theological Seminary, who, in doing his part, has made the work much more his own than the first author's. An Introduction filling twenty-eight pages discusses the book in all its various characteristics and relations, including "Contents," "Aim and Historical Character," "Canonical Dignity," "Composition, Origin, and Integrity," and "Literature,"—itself a prodigy of learned labor that must preclude further original study of the same subject for a generation to come. This volume is an able one, and to Biblical scholars interesting, though the portion of Scripture covered by it is less distinctively devout and evangelistic than most others. As a contribution to current Biblical learning, it is entitled to a high place among kindred works.

DURING a large share of his public life, it fell to the lot of Mr. Seward to be more severely and even generally spoken against than almost any other man of his times. Denounced by his opponents as the very incarnation of all that was vile and dangerous in politics, he was, nevertheless, only partially trusted by those of his own class or party. And yet he usually succeeded in being on the winning side; and perhaps no other man ever so largely shared the support and confidence of the people of his own State, or ever was so continuously kept by his fellow-citizens in prominent pub-

*A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES: Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical. By John Peter Lange, D. D. Translated from the German; edited by Philip Schaff, D. D., in connection with American scholars. Volume VII of the Old Testament, containing Chronicles, Ezra, Esther, and Nehemiah. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

lie positions. He was governor of the State before he had reached his fortieth year, to which high office he was several times returned by repeated elections. His long career in the Senate of the United States, where much of the time his party was in a very small majority, was nevertheless for him an almost continual triumph; for often he appeared to best advantage in the presence of the defeat of the cause for which he was contending. There is little room for doubt that when his party became able to choose a President of the United States, that he was the favorite of a large majority, when, however, personal jealousy succeeded in defeating his nomination. As a chief executive officer during the eventful period of the war of the Rebellion, he has left his impress upon the diplomacy of the civilized world. His was indeed a life of strife and conflict, but he outlived all these, and nearly all his political enemies also, and after a quiet season of repose, with honors seeking him unsolicited, he ended his days in peace, having seen nearly every object for which he labored at last successful. A personal memoir, written during his last years, but only coming down to the time of his entering upon public life (1834), and a selection of his letters from 1831 to 1846, compiled by his son, is now offered to the public in the form of a noble volume of over eight hundred pages.* It is a valuable contribution to the history of the times, as well as a fitting memorial of one of America's great men, indeed, one of the greatest of her great men.

A NOTABLE tendency in modern theological thinking is seen in the prominence into which the doctrine of sin is coming. It seems to be felt that around that subject as a center are gathering all the great questions that exercise and divide the theologians of the age. As a man believes and reasons in respect to the nature of sin, its genesis in man, and its diffusion and prevalence in the race, his views of the nature of the divine law and government, of redemption by atonement, and of regeneration and the Christian life must be very largely

* AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD, from 1801 to 1834. With a Memoir of his Life, and Selections from his Letters, from 1831 to 1846. By Frederick W. Seward. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. Pp. 822. Sold only by subscription.

affected. We are glad to see evidences that the discussion of this subject will be productive of the most salutary results in calling back the mind of evangelical Protestantism to those deeper and more thorough notions of the nature of the divine holiness, and of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, from which it seems to us there has been a most lamentable departure. We welcome, therefore, a new book* on the subject from the pen of Dr. John Tullock, of St. Andrew's University, Glasgow, who brings to his subject, in addition to the needful learning, and close habits of thinking and of stating his thoughts, a good stock of Scotch logic and of thorough Presbyterian orthodoxy, with, however, not much of the super-orthodoxy that so long afflicted the Scotch Kirk. Compared with some of the ablest German works upon this subject, notably that of Julius Müller, it is less thorough and exhaustive; but as a summary of the whole subject, and a clear, though concise statement of the author's positions, it is highly valuable. It is in the form of six lectures; the first defining the subject and determining its place in modern thought; the second notices non-biblical ideas of sin, chiefly ante-Christian; the third discusses the "Old Testament Doctrine of Sin;" the fourth the "Doctrine of Sin in the Gospel;" the fifth "St. Paul's Doctrine;" and sixth "Original Sin." Having recently passed over this same line of thought in our own studies, we are not a little pleased to find so able a writer presenting views which we ventured almost timidly to suggest, because they lie a little out of the beaten track of theological travel. We can most heartily commend Dr. Tullock's book to all thoughtful readers, as well adapted to be helpful in leading to a better understanding of this incomparably important subject.

PROBABLY not all of the volumes of select "Christian Greek and Latin writers," that make up the "Douglass Series," now in course of preparation and publication, have appeared to classical teachers as worthy to supplant the older "heathen" works so long in use in our schools; but in point of scholarship merely no

* THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF SIN. By John Tullock, D. D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, Chaplain to Her Majesty. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 12mo. Pp. 243.

well-grounded objection can be brought against the last issued (the fifth) of the series.* Justin Martyr was no mean scholar, and his style, though specifically different from that of the purely Attic dialect, is of its kind scarcely inferior to that of the best writers of the specifically classic Greek. And it is a fact quite worthy of the attention of scholars that what may be termed the Alexandrian Greek has not received the proportion of study that it deserves, both from its intrinsic excellence and from its relations to early Christian literature. It was in that dialect that the Old Testament Scriptures, as popularly used, existed in the times of our Lord's ministry, and that of the early Church, for three centuries. In that language the New Testament was written, and in its use of terms, as well as in its grammar and idioms, must be sought the key that shall unlock many a doubtful point in that book. Since the study of Greek has of late become almost exclusively the business of persons preparing for the ministry, it would seem quite the proper thing that the special kind of Greek with which they are above all other kinds to deal should be thoroughly studied by them. And because we so think, we welcome most heartily this well prepared manual of study, selected from one of the most scholarly of the early Fathers.

MORE than thirty years ago English and American readers were reading and talking and writing about a new biography of more than ordinary interest,—“The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Master of Rugby School, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley;” and during all the succeeding years, the life-time of a generation of men, people have continued to read the book, and to talk and write about both the subject and the author. That Agamemnon was more indebted to the muse of Homer than to his own sword for his immortality, is generally confessed; and probably Dr Arnold's real deserts would have scarcely saved his name from oblivion, after his own generation, had he not won immortality in the person and genius of a biographer whose own later-earned fame gives the stamp of excellence

* THE APOLOGIES OF JUSTIN MARTYR. To which is appended the Epistle of Diognetus. With an Introduction and Notes by Basil L. Gildersleve, LL. D., Professor of Greek in the Johns-Hopkins University, Baltimore. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 289.

to whatever bears his name; and just now we have a new edition of the same work,* two volumes in one, from the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., an unusual case of sustained popularity.

HURD & HOUGHTON continue to issue their new and fine edition of De Quincey's works, to which we referred briefly in our issue for April. In addition to the four volumes then noticed, they now present to the public three more,* uniform in all their outward appearance with those, and continuing to give in each a large and valuable installment from the productions of their author. For wholesome thought-provocateness, De Quincey ranks high among English writers; and while many of his critical decisions may be called in question as not wholly infallible, yet, because he is both broad and acute in his thinkings, and honestly forcible in the expression of his convictions, it is good and even agreeable to read him, even while one dissents from his conclusions. The clear and sufficiently large letters, fine tinted paper, and fancy cloth bindings, make these volumes as attractive as they are substantially valuable.

THE same house, we learn, are about to issue a complete and comprehensive edition of the English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, in about sixty large octavo volumes,—something very much needed in this country. It is scarcely to be doubted that both the public and the publishers will be profited by this enterprise.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Soul-thirst and Other Sermons. By Francis Washburn. New York: N. Tibbals & Sons. 12mo. Pp. 200.—*The Holy Ones.* By John A. Lansing. Published by the Author. 18mo. Pp. 96.—*The Chinese in America.* By Rev. Otis Gibson. 16mo. Pp. 403.

* LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., late Head Master of Rugby, etc. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster. Two volumes in one. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo. Pp. 378 and 400.

† THE WORKS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Riverside edition. Vol. V: The Eighteenth Century, in Scholarship and Literature. Pp. 632. Vol. VI: Biographical and Historical Essays. Pp. 620. Vol. VII: Essays in Ancient History and Antiquities. Pp. 636. By Thomas De Quincey. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

EX CATHEDRA.

A CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR "seat" is neither that of a father confessor nor yet that of a Christian pastor, having officially and personally the care of souls. The following letter, therefore, is a little out of our official line; and yet, because it is a real letter, and no fiction, and also because it opens a theme for reflection and remark quite within our province, we accept it in our place, and venture to reply to it in such a way as may be quite in keeping with the spirit and nature of these columns. We reproduce the letter as it comes to us, abridging it at some points and omitting a few matters simply incidental or else personal to one or other of the parties to the correspondence:

P—, PENN., March 1, 1877.

MY DEAR DR. CUREY,—You will allow me, I trust, thus to address you, although beyond an introduction, we have no personal acquaintance. . . . I have read occasional articles from your pen on the subject of sanctification; but as I first became a Methodist only a few years ago, I have doubtless missed much that might have thrown light upon the subject. To give you some notion of my religious history, I would say that after seeking to walk in the narrow path for two years, I joined the Church of which my wife was a member (the Reformed), by profession of faith, and in this I found a degree of peace and comfort. But as that church was a long way off, we often worshiped with the Methodists in our neighborhood. I was also invited by an esteemed friend to attend a class-meeting, and doing so changed the whole bent of my religious life; for I there heard of an experience that I had never had. I at length changed my Church-membership, having been duly accredited by my former pastor. I then procured and read such books as were recommended to me, that I might become better acquainted with the character and polity of my new Church,—*"Porter's Compendium," "Stevens's History," "Wesley's Sermons,"* and *"Ralston's Elements of Divinity."* These works in which I found great delight, gave me a just idea of Methodism, which seemed to me to be the true exponent of the Scriptures. Since then I have read some dozens of volumes on our history and theology with very great profit and delight.

Some time after having joined the Methodist Church, my class-leader invited me to attend a special meeting at the house of one of the

members, and as I found there what seemed to be according to the doctrines I had learned, I entered heartily into the spirit of the meeting. With all these helps diligently used I found myself advancing in knowledge and experience. About three months later I was ushered into a very sweet experience in Jesus, which I shall ever hold in precious memory. This lasted some months, and corresponded so accurately with the teachings of the "special meeting" that I came to believe it the "higher life." But there came a time when my experience changed. I found myself assailed inwardly by the most grievous temptations. I held on, but only by grim faith for a time, but began to believe that I must have been mistaken as to my experience. All this time I was earnestly hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Wesley's grand hymns seemed to breathe a fullness of divine life that my soul earnestly longed for, and they appeared to be based upon the solid assurances of the Word of God. But here I have been these three years, doubting, fearing, hoping, and believing; in heaviness through manifold temptations, and again rejoicing in the love of God. . . . I have often argued with some of the brethren, whose whole doctrine is "If you are holy, you are *holy*." When I show them Wesley's positive injunctions about the confession of sin and unworthiness, and of pleading the *blood* every moment, they assert a perfection that is to me appalling. They also have so much to say in public meetings about the "second blessing," and use the terms "sanctified" and "perfection," so much that they utterly repel many who ought to take it more kindly. And then various inconsistencies in [their] practices completely take away their influence in this particular direction.

Again these special "laborers" in the Church are chargeable with some strange doings. I have often thought that Wesley would use some of his Fetter-lane logic if he could be present among his followers to-day. Some indeed seem to be sincere, and are practicing what they preach; others, on the contrary, are far from the lowliness of Christ. Some instances have grated harshly upon my faith in the whole profession, and have taxed all my charity to pass over them.

To sum up my creed about this matter, subject, of course, to changes and modifications, as more light shall be received, I find that I have reached these conclusions:

1. That regeneration, in its broadest sense, implies all that God works in the soul.
2. That much depends upon the clearness of

the life [light?] into which the seeking soul is brought.

3. That when the newly adopted son surveys for a while his relations to God he perceives [reaches?] what he could not perceive before,—a fullness of experience.

4. That if he properly improves his privileges he will grasp this and then go on to successive heights [or, better yet, *depths*] of the same fullness, until faith shall "to sight improve."

5. That the true Christian perfection consists in loving God with all the heart, and in being lowly and meek, humble and resigned, as Jesus was, and that the teachings of Jesus embody all that should be the aim of those who would go on to perfection.

6. That it is not only right, but absolutely necessary, for the true Christian to view himself, in his highest attainments, as utterly unworthy, and always to say, "forgive us our trespasses."

On this last point, I am particularly pleased with Fletcher's treatise on the subject, where he speaks of humble love causing us to acknowledge ourselves sinners in the sight of God until this robe of the flesh shall drop from us, and we be gathered into the celestial city.

I have for a long time very much desired an expression from you upon these things, and I now make bold to seek that I may find. I hope you will open to my knocking, and I am sure you will not give me a stone for bread, except it be a foundation-stone. I have been very much interested in, and edified by, what you have given us at various times on this subject in the *Christian Advocate*, and I desire that you will still befriend me. I am tired of the old logic about "roots," etc., and comparisons with the old dispensation; and I come asking that you will be my "Help" to lift me out of the "Slough of Despond."

Perhaps if my heart-sores can be once thoroughly healed, I can joyfully pursue my labors, seeking after the wanderers; for, after all, that only affords me real satisfaction in this vale of tears. Once more begging your indulgence for this bold letter, and hoping you will favor me with a reply, for which I shall eagerly look, I remain, with much regard, very truly yours,

A. W. Q——.

[A Local Preacher.]

This is, indeed, a somewhat remarkable letter, though probably very many pastors have received similar communications, either written or by word of mouth. It is also unusually clear and full in its expositions of the heart's experience, and a specially accurate diagnosis of the spiritual pathology. The account given of the earlier stages of the writer's religious

experiences and personal spiritual exercises will no doubt find a ready response in multitudes of hearts as corresponding very fairly with their own. The class-meeting, with its direct and definite presentations of personal spiritual exercises, has been blessed to untold thousands in showing both what may be obtained and how it is to be gotten; and the "special-meetings" (why should they be *special*?) have served, in not a few cases, to show humble Christians something of the wonderful depths and heights of religious experience to which they are called. All this, as stated by the writer, is, indeed, remarkable for its excellence, but not as any thing unusual. These are, indeed, but the elementary lessons in the Christian life, beyond which one must needs pass in going onwards to (towards) perfection.

Nor are the further statements, both of attainments and of failures,—of joys and of perplexities, so unusual as to be on that account remarkable. Thousands who have never so carefully analyzed their own mental processes as this writer has done, and especially who have not written out the results of their examinations, have had very much the same exercises, and have reached similar results. The spiritual growth, whose progress he so definitely indicates, was entirely normal, and such as almost any humble and faithful believer will be led through whenever brought to see and appreciate his privileges. The subsequent perplexities were doubtless due to an excess of theorizing respecting the character of the attainments made, and the character of the changed condition into which he had come. Our correspondent seems to have been too honest and intelligent to be entirely led astray by a wrong theory, and yet its misleadings evidently gave him no little trouble, and doomed him to many an hour of darkness.

The conclusions reached by him, respecting Christian experience and doctrines, are good; but his statements of them need to be explained and guarded. What is said in the first item about *regeneration* is correct if that term is made to include the whole work of the Holy Spirit in the heart from the earliest "preventing grace" to the highest attainments given to believers, through the atoning merits of Christ's blood. All the inward operations of the Spirit are the same in kind; but they differ in degrees and in their recognized forms at

different stages of the Christian life. The statements (two and three) respecting the beneficent influence of a clearly witnessed work of the Spirit in the soul, and the clear vision of faith respecting the Christian's privilege, through the adoption of grace, are not only correct, but also very precious truths in experimental divinity. The vision of faith is the almost infallible precursor of its victorious exercise, and the attainment of its richest fruitage. It is also the right notion of the divine economy of grace that it is by diligence in the use of present grace that further attainments are to be expected. When we "*walk in the light*," we make sure of the full benefits of the "*cleansing blood*;" and in this as in all other departments of Christian experience our salvation must be *wrought out* by diligent *doing* as well as seized by the *grasp of faith*.

But the great point in this case is that brought into view in the writer's sixth item. His first great mistake, when he had experienced that "*sweet peace in believing*," was to conclude, according to the theory of his associates, that he was then fully and entirely delivered from all inward sin. When afterward he found himself subjected to inward temptations, he was forced to confess that he had been deceived,—that either the work of grace in his heart was not genuine, or else being so, that it was still compatible with indwelling sin in the soul,—not ruling certainly,—and for a time inactive; but abiding and at length certain to manifest itself in impulses toward actual sin, or in hinderances against the movements of grace. Among the Christian graces that are to be perpetuated and perfected in the mature believer are penitence, humility, and self-denial; among the highest forms of religious activity are repentance toward God, perpetually renewed, and faith in the atoning blood, to "*atone for our holy things*,"—as Fletcher expresses it.

It is not always wise to inquire too carefully respecting our past experiences,—and even the present is of less real interest to us than the future. It is well relatively to "*forget the things that are behind*," and to disregard "*whereunto we have attained*," except as it may guide us in our future course of faith and duty. It is not for us to say at any time that we are fully delivered from all indwelling unrighteousness, for beyond our own power of

self-searching the evil may lurk in inaction, waiting only for its occasion; nor is that a point in respect to which the Holy Spirit witnesses to the human consciousness,—but of peace and joy,—of adoption and a hope-full of immortality. If Christians will accept these great things as their portion, and live in them; content to be assured of their acceptance in the Beloved, and saved always by atoning merit,—freely and fully forgiven,—yet always remembering that their present state is an incomplete one; that they are at all times liable to temptation; that what has been attained to will not suffice for the time to come, and therefore that they have need perpetually of the atoning blood, they would save themselves from very many perplexities, and even backslidings, into which otherwise they may fall.

EXIT.

WITH the coming of the midday hour of the first Sunday of March, the second presidential term of U. S. Grant was completed, and at that hour the formerly renowned military commander, and the late chief magistrate of a great nation, became simply a private citizen. During the sixteen years that he has been among the most conspicuous figures in the eyes of the people he has himself enacted a large and important chapter of his country's history. He has been subjected to the most unsparring criticism, both from open enemies and only indifferent friends, and yet no man has been able to impeach his honesty or to cast any just suspicion upon the singleness of his devotion to the country's best interests. The lines of public policy that he had favored,—some of which have prevailed, and some have failed, and still others remain for future decision,—have been such as neither he nor his friends need be ashamed to acknowledge. He is still too near to us, and his name is too much identified with the strifes of the times, to allow a just estimate of his merits. But time, the great avenger, will set those matters in their true light, and there needs be no doubt that it will abundantly vindicate the good name of the retiring President. As the loftiest mountains seem to lift themselves heavenwards as one departs from their base, while the little hills about them sink out of sight, so some distance of time is necessary to single out the truly great, and to demonstrate to all their real worth.